THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 25, 1926
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE, EVERYWHERE

The BYSTANDER

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

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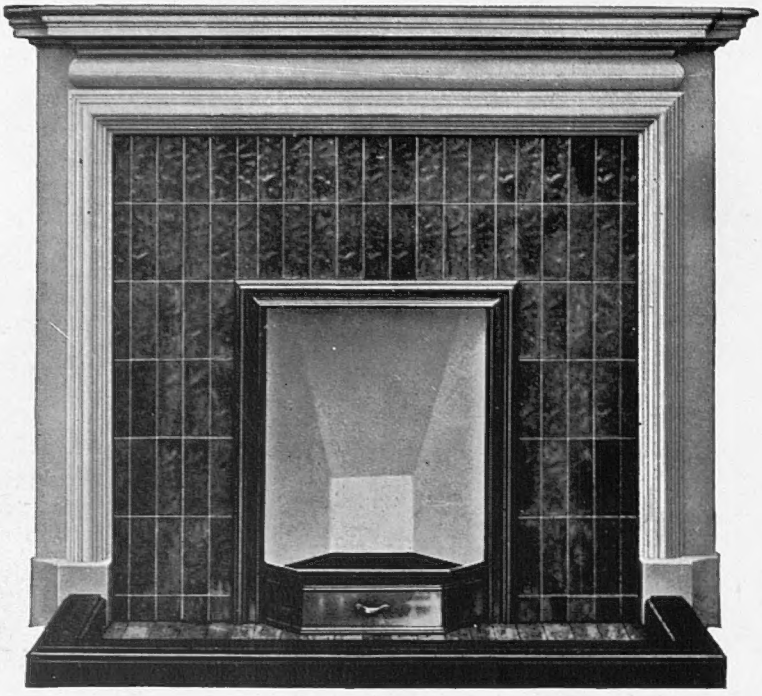

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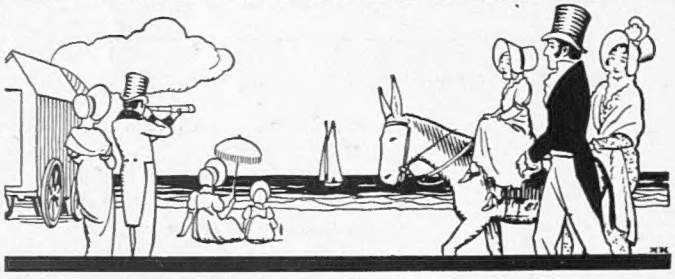

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P.10

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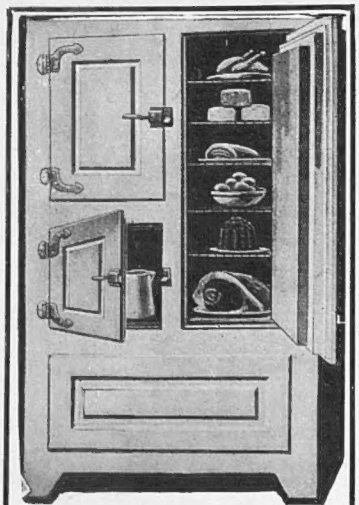

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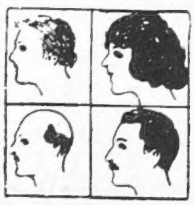

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In size for 2 years,	18 ins.		**75/9**
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Cap to match,	- - -		**29/6**

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To shoot at top form in foul, as well as fair weather;

Be cool and comfortable when it is sweltering hot;

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PRICE

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In pure silk Milanese, in ivory, black, jade, leaf brown, beige, coral, cyclamen, mauve, and pink, **45/9**

Attractive Lace Boudoir Cap, trimmed narrow satin ribbon to match all lingerie, **21/9**

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Alike on City Streets and Scottish Moors

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August 4th, 1926.

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The Bystander, August 25, 1926 No. 1184. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALBERT BAILEY

BRAINS AND BEAUTY

Two aspects of the Charing Cross Road

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

The call of the chase finds an echo in the hearts of all sportsmen. For it brings a happy stimulation that little else equals in life. Health and hunting go together and so does health and .....

DEWAR'S

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Canalside Epic

A FEW days ago a small boy fell into a canal and a small girl pulled him out. Whereupon the representative of my morning paper hurried to the little heroine to secure the full and exclusive story of what he aptly described as a "Canalside Epic." But the young lady had her own ideas on this subject.

The Silent Heroine

The strange thing is that Esther will not say a word to anybody. A *Daily* —— representative spent ten minutes trying to get her to talk, or even to say "Yes" or "No," but her little lips were pressed resolutely together and never opened.

So writes the representative of my morning paper. True, under the heading of "The Silent Heroine," he gets a very good story out of the young heroine's silence, but I cannot help thinking that Esther has set many older people—cricketers, for instance—a most excellent example, which, I am quite sure, will not be followed.

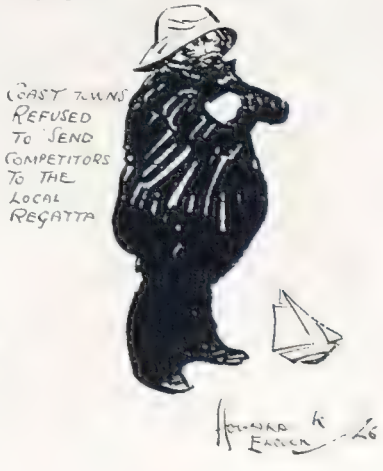
We Were Wont to Whisper

No doubt that people talk a lot too much nowadays. Probably we have always talked too much, but our remarks have never been broadcast with the same penetrating efficiency. Things we were wont to whisper are now shouted from the bookstalls by

> That mighty megaphone which tells
> Of earthquakes and of wedding bells
> In Timbuctoo and Tunbridge Wells.

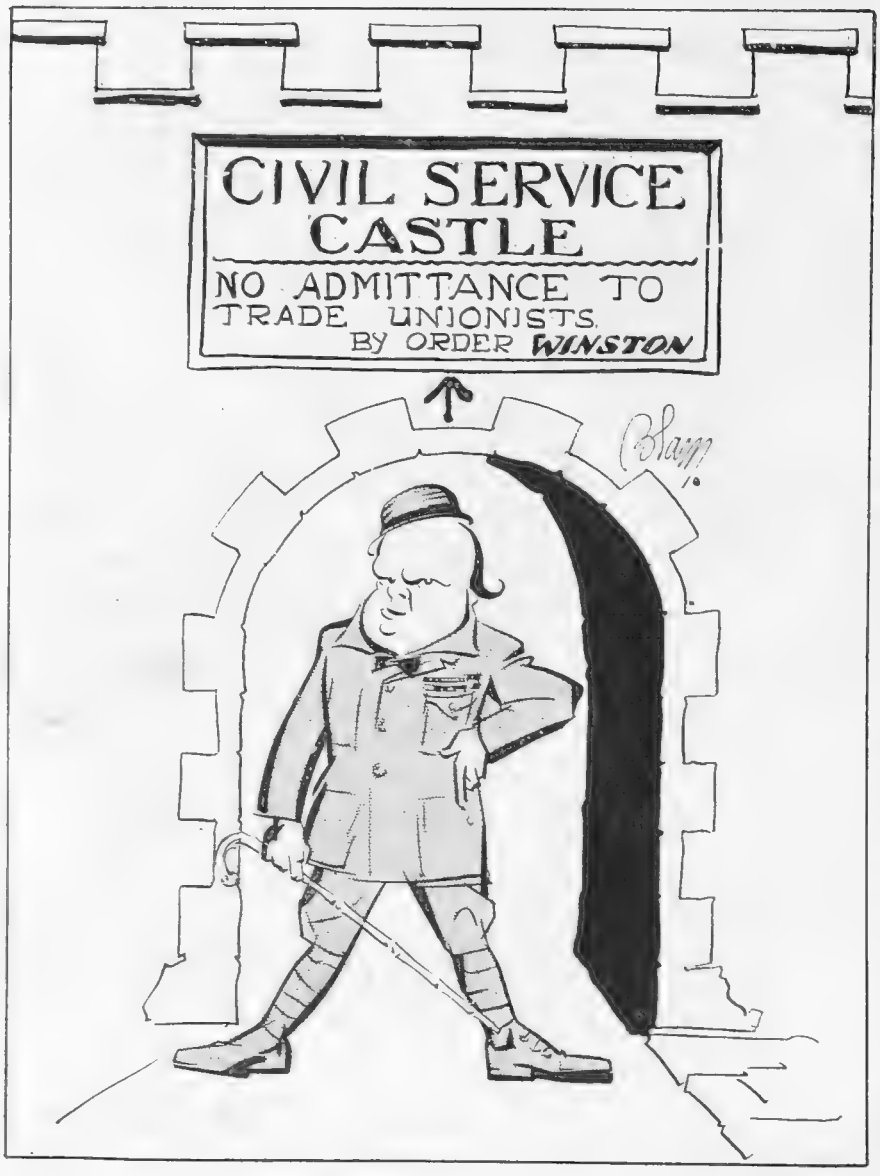
A Foolish Fiction

REALLY, I must protest against the extraordinary behaviour of those Sutton magistrates who conceived the silly idea of sentencing a youth charged with stealing to compulsory attendance at a Sunday School for two years. Evidently these people look upon such attendance as a direful obligation and a fit reward for crime. Meanwhile, I presume, the teachers try to make it an attractive incident in the life of their young charges. The idea that school is a sort of prison is very much out of date, and educational authorities will not thank the Sutton magistrates for perpetuating a foolish fiction.



Traps for the Unwary

TALKING of schools, Sir Edmund Gosse hit the correct nail on the business end when he criticised the sort of examination papers that are set to trap the unwary scholars.



By Blam

THEY SHALL NOT PASS!

Sir Edmund, who has spent sixty years in the service of English literature, was quite honest about it. Questions were set, he said, that he could not begin to answer, and any of my readers who have youngsters of school age will have experienced the same curious phenomenon. It is up to examiners, surely, to get down to essentials of knowledge rather than to rummage about among the oddments of unnecessary learning.

Amateurs and Professionals

Signs have not been wanting for a long time past that the vexed question of professionalism in sport is calling for a definite settlement. This is a post-war problem on which the war itself had a distinct bearing. Many barriers were broken down by that great conflict, and the barrier separating the amateur from the paid player was one of the first to show signs of the pressure of public opinion. On the county cricket grounds one heard objections to amateurs and professionals taking the field from different entrances, and, certainly, one began to feel that there was something a little snobbish about this invidious distinction.

The Forward Movement

But this was only the thin end of the wedge, and the forward movement received a popular impetus when Jack Hobbs was permitted to captain England in a Test Match, without any noticeable opposition from the noble lord who had publicly prayed to the Deity that such a thing might never come to pass. Before this, Percy Fender had made concessions to public opinion by leading his men to the field from the centre of the pavilion; and Will Rogers, the American comedian, helped to make cricket safe for democracy by describing "a gentleman as a player who didn't play well enough to get his living by playing." Quite untrue, of course, but not unfunny in a mild way.

Some Surprising Moves

Then came the Suzanne Lenglen bombshell, which is certain to have very far-reaching results, and a sensation was caused at Worthing when five of the leading South Coast towns refused to send competitors to the local regatta, on instructions from the Coast Amateur Rowing Association, because the promoters had accepted entries from clubs which it was contended were not amateurs within the meaning of the Association's rules. Obviously the matter is working up to a head.

Rudolph and Rudyard

The illness in New York of Rudolph Valentino, and the fact that bulletins have been cabled round the world giving latest advices as to the health of the screen star, recall the public anxiety felt when Rudyard Kipling was lying dangerously ill in America. With this difference, that Rudolph's sympathisers are largely of the female sex, while Rudyard's appeal has always been almost exclusively to men

Comedians Carry On

The early days of the "non-stop" Test Match caught comedians on the hop. Spurred on by the pictorial journalists, the theatrical jesters, who always follow a little heavily in the rear of these bright spirits, had lots of gags in readiness, but the need for these was blown sky-high by the dramatic turn of events. Yet the comedians, having committed their dashing impromptus to memory, decided to carry on with the good work, and were vastly surprised when the seed of their wit fell on stony silence.

Too Late

The incident explains why it is so difficult to keep a revue thoroughly up to date. The ordinary theatre-goer imagines that a comedian fires off his epigrams on the spur of the moment, and that the fault lies with authors who lack the humour and imagination necessary to keep their show abreast of the times. Whereas, the fact is, that actors are always disinclined to tamper with their set lines, and require several days to memorise a simple couplet—by which time the occasion for it has departed, never to return.

A Strange Story

Talking of the Test reminds me that my morning paper revived the strange story of the clergyman who "ran round in circles and barked like a dog" when Gilbert Jessop scored his electric century nearly twenty-five years ago. Sitting next to the famous "Croucher" in the Pavilion on Monday, I quite intended asking him if there was any truth in the story, but at that moment Rhodes bowled Woodfull, and the matter passed from my mind until it was too late.

"There's No Place Like Home!"

BY E. T. REED

MUSSOLINI, THE FRONTIER GUARD (*to Julius Cæsar*): "Want to write '*De Bello Gallico*,' do you? Well, look here! I won't have you fellows 'De Bello Galli-vanting' about over the frontier! What's more, you're 'insufficiently clothed,' too. *Haven't you seen the Regulations?*"

Photographs
THE HON. EDWARD AND MRS. PORTMAN

LADY BRADFORD

News Illus.
LORD WYFOLD AND MR. C. PIGGOTT

A trio of paddock photographs taken at the Wolverhampton Summer Meeting. The conditions at Dunstall Park were excellent, but both the fields and attendance were below the average

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Sandringham

It is understood that the Queen's unusual visit to Sandringham at this time of year is concerned with the final arrangements for their Majesties' removal from York Cottage to the big house, which for so many years was the country home of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. A considerable number of changes and alterations have been made since Queen Alexandra's death.

It is an open secret that the King and Queen are leaving York Cottage with deep regret. And this is only natural seeing it has been their home, in fact their only permanent home, ever since their marriage thirty-three years ago. In London, as Duke and Duchess of York, their Majesties lived at York House; as Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House; then came Buckingham Palace; but all the time York Cottage, which was given to the King on his marriage by King Edward, has been their one unchanging country home.

As a country residence for a Sovereign York Cottage is entirely inadequate, there being practically no room, except for the members of their Majesties' family and a small suite. Any sort of entertaining there has been out of the question. It is expected that the King will now have shooting parties at Sandringham, and that the hospitalities of King Edward's time will be revived.

Wales or Norfolk?

There is naturally considerable speculation as to the future of York Cottage, and the visit of the Prince of Wales to Sandringham with the Queen has given rise to a rumour that it may be handed over to him. But the Prince seems in no hurry to have a country abode. York Cottage, though small and cramped for a Royal couple, their family and suite, is a large house for a bachelor.

At one time it was a question whether Wales or Norfolk would provide King Edward, then Prince of Wales, with a

Photopress
A BRIGHT INTERVAL WITH THE HOUNDS IN THE DOG DAYS

A photograph of some of the onlookers taken at the puppy judging of the Fitzwilliam Hunt at Milton Kennels, Peterborough. The group includes Major Barclay, Colonel Proby, Lady Exeter, and Mr. G. C. Fitzwilliam

country seat. Maesllwch Castle, in Brecon, a big place, all battlemented and betowered, standing high above the River Wye, was seriously considered, because it was in Wales, and it was felt that the heir to the throne's residence in his own Principality would be extremely popular. Maesllwch had an estate of 5,000 acres, with sporting rights over 6,000 acres more.

But after much discussion it was decided that Brecon was too far away from London, and Sandringham was bought instead, a place not only more suitable in every way for a royal residence, but not likewise requiring a glossary to tell you how to pronounce its name. Maesllwch looks feudal of feudal, but it isn't even a hundred years old.

The Molyneux Tenants

FROM Bolton Abbey, where, following the custom of many years—broken only last year by the Duke of Devonshire's illness—the King opened the grouse season, his Majesty went on to Abbeystead, near Lancaster, to shoot with the Earl of Sefton. Abbeystead is high up on the Lancashire fells, with moors that provide excellent sport.

It is a curious thing about the Molyneux family that whilst they have been settled in Lancashire for centuries, their earldom of Sefton and viscounty of Molyneux are both Irish. Their barony of Sefton, however, is a peerage of the United Kingdom, and therefore gives Lord Sefton his seat in the House of Lords.

Abbeystead is a comparatively recent acquisition, but Croxteth Park, near Liverpool, has belonged to the Molyneux family for centuries. In these days much of the estate has become suburban Liverpool, but even now descendants of tenants of the Elizabethan Molyneuxs still pay rent to the present representative of the family.

Lady Sefton, being a sister of the Earl of Bradford, is a cousin of Viscount Lascelles. She shares her husband's devotion to sport, and once went with him on a big game hunting expedition to Abyssinia. Twenty years ago or so Lord Sefton was Master of the Horse.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR PERCY GRANT AND LADY GRANT

MRS. WARWICK BROOKS, LT.-GEN. SIR SIDNEY LAWFORD, LADY LAWFORD AND SIR EDWARD LUCAS

SIR COLERIDGE AND LADY KENNARD

IN THE SUNSHINE AT AIX

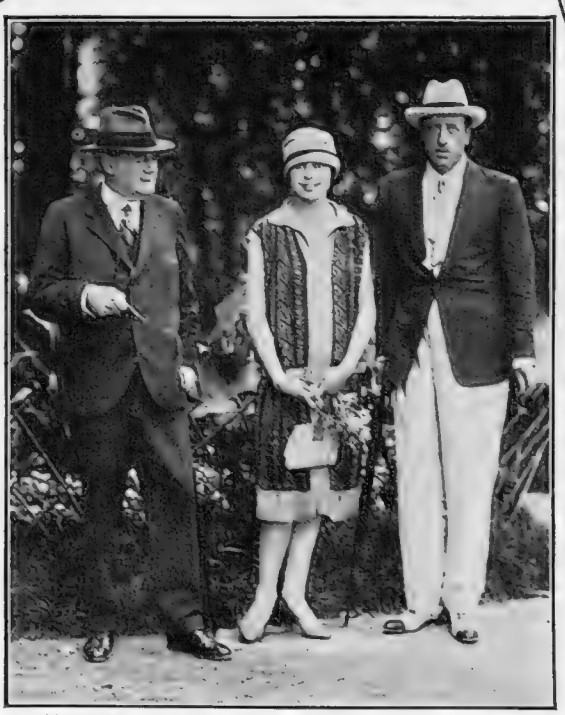
A camera record of some of the visitors to Aix-les-Bains. The famous Continental spa has its usual large number of summer visitors

An Odd Fashion at Deauville

I WONDER whether Deauville has seen its zenith? When your Bystander was there two or three years ago it seemed to have lost something which it used to possess, a suggestion of repose beneath all the racing, the polo, and the display of fashion. And one saw everywhere, too, the most astonishing people from all the ends of the earth, some of them literally from the outermost parts of Cyrene and Tyre—they being Levantines.

Odd fish, we know, rub shoulders with the greatest of folk in the rooms at Monte Carlo, and the greatest of folk don't mind. But Deauville is a pill-box compared with Monte Carlo, and great folk of all nations are apt to be bored when they can never get away from the odd fish. As I told you last week, the late M. Cornuché was beginning to realise that day-trippers by chars-à-bancs, and the growing

LADY HEADFORT WITH LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR



Photographs *E. Navello*

THE HON. EDWARD STONOR, MISS DIXON AND LORD ABERCONWAY

Out with the Guns on

Central News

ON DUCHRAY MOOR

Members of Sir August Cayzer's shoot at Aberfoyle. Mr. "Nick" Cayzer (left), Lord North, Miss Anderson, Sir August Cayzer, Mrs. Scott Moncrieff, Mr. Walter Burrell, Miss Heather Cayzer, Miss Vereker, Lt. Scott Moncrieff and Miss Parr

Photographs

AFTER THE GROUSE

The Duke of Buccleuch photographed during a shoot on Langholm Moor, Scotland. He gave a house party for the shooting

COLONEL C. M. DUNBAR

Sport and General

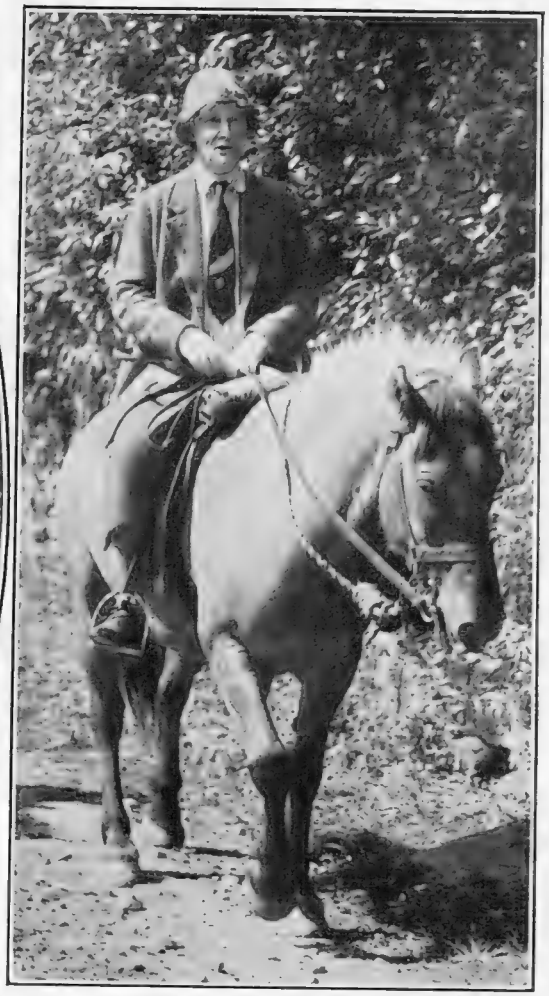
SIR DUNCAN HAY

Two glimpses of the grouse shooting over Lord Woolavington's moor at Knockando, Scotland. There was some fine sport in fine weather

Both Sides of the Tweed

Central Press

HIS MAJESTY THE KING



G.P.U.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Two photographs of the shoot at Bolton Abbey, where the King shot over the Yorkshire Moors at Shepherd's Close, Low Moor and Hard Pitts

The Marquis of Ailesbury at Sir Ernest Will's shoot. It took place over the Meggernie Castle Moors in Perthshire

WITH THE GUNS AMONG THE PERTHSHIRE HEATHER

Sport and General

A group photographed during Sir Ernest Wills's shoot: Mr. A. C. O. Wills, Capt. L. C. Fuller, Mr. Gerald Beech, Mr. G. Wills, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Challoner, Audrey Lady Petre, Mr. Seton de Winton, Lady Wills, Mrs. Beech, Lady Rosemary and Lady Ursula Brudenell-Bruce

Central News

THE PRINCE LOOKS ON

The final Test Match at the Oval created unprecedented excitement all over the country. In the above photograph the Prince of Wales is seen watching England's second innings from the Committee stand

numbers of odd fish who descend on Deauville in increasing numbers every year, were altering the character of the place.

A friend who is there this year tells me that the display of jewellery in the daytime is simply vulgar. She says that is the only word to describe the appearance of some of the women. And Frenchwomen are more bedizened, especially with diamonds, than the women of any other nation. She says, too, that it is simply ludicrous to see the women in the shortest and skimpiest of dresses with long diamond necklaces—sometimes two and three—huge diamond earrings, and diamond bracelets half-way up to their elbows, walking about in the daytime as if they were jewelled for a very smart ball.

The Casino and the Treasury

At the Casino you can now get discs for all stakes from 1,000 francs to 100,000. This has saved so much time in changing money, etc., that in a fortnight the receipts from the tables have gone up 33 per cent. over the receipts for the same fortnight last year. My friend says that it is estimated that the Casino this season will make something close upon a hundred million francs. This will be a pleasant windfall for the French Treasury, since the State takes 80 per cent. of the Casino's makings. Frenchmen who gamble at Deauville, and lose, are consequently doing a service to their own country. And foreigners, too, who lose, are paying their little bit to France, shall we say in return for the pleasure of gambling? So somebody benefits by the losses besides the Casino.

In Two Parliaments

Sir Gerald Strickland, whose engagement to Miss Margaret Hulton, the sister of the late Sir Edward Hulton, the newspaper magnate, has just been announced, is the only Englishman, I believe, who sits in two Parliaments. He is Member of the House of Commons for Lancaster and likewise of the Legislative Assembly of Malta, where he is the Count della Catena. In England he owns Sizergh Castle in Westmorland, and in Malta the Villa Bologna. Both came to his family by marriage.

So long ago as the reign of Henry III a Strickland married an heiress and built Sizergh Castle. So distinguished was the family throughout the centuries that one marvels how they escaped a peerage. A Strickland carried the Banner of St. George at the Battle of Agincourt, and in almost every reign you find someone of the family doing public and national service. And they were greatly enriched by marriages with Neville and Standish heiresses.

The son of the Standish heiress had several sons. The fifth, Walter Strickland, went into the Navy, where he rose to the rank of a post-captain. Whilst he was stationed at Malta he met Louisa, the only daughter of the Chevalier Peter Mompalao, the niece of the Count della Catena, a title which had been conferred on the Bologna family by the Grand Master of Malta, with succession to the heir to whom the Bologna estates might descend. Sir Gerald Strickland was their son.

When the Count della Catena died in 1882, his next heir, Mrs. Walter Strickland—whose husband in the meantime had succeeded to Sizergh—was dead, and the Privy Council decided that the title and the Bologna estates, in virtue of the Grand Master of Malta's patent, went to Sir Gerald, who was then Mr. Strickland. He did not receive his K.C.M.G. until fifteen years later.

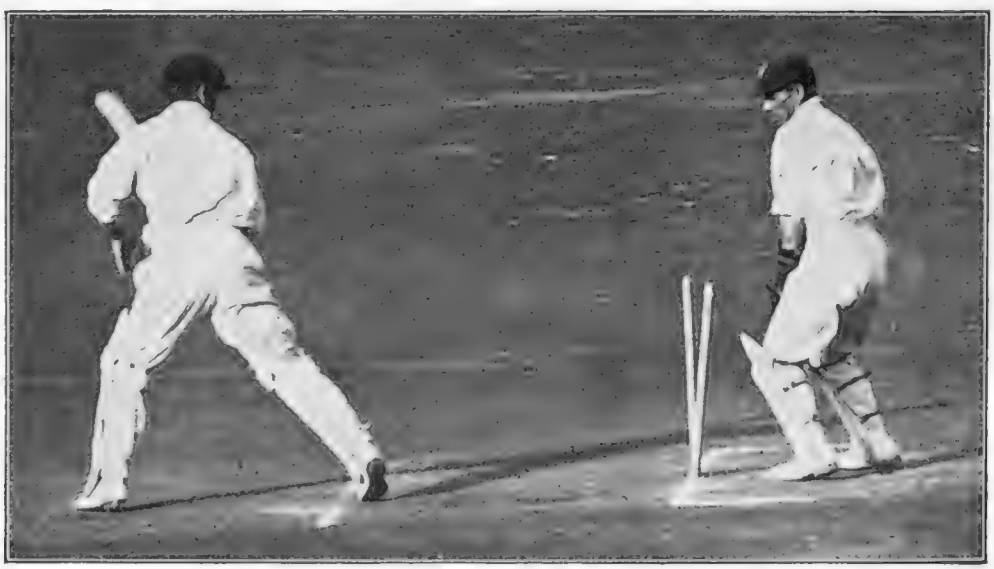
Besides taking an active part in Maltese public affairs, Sir Gerald has been Governor of the Leeward Islands, of Tasmania, Western Australia, and New South Wales. His first wife, who died eight years ago, was Lady Edeline Sackville, an aunt of the present Earl de la Warr.

"CONGRATULATIONS!" *G.P.U.*

Mr. H. L. Collins, the Australian captain, congratulating Mr. A. P. F. Chapman after the latter had led England to victory in the final Test Match. Our visitors took their defeat in the most sporting of manners

Hotel Diamonds

The scene was an hotel lounge at an English seaside place. One dame, most generous of



THE LAST BALL *Sport and General*

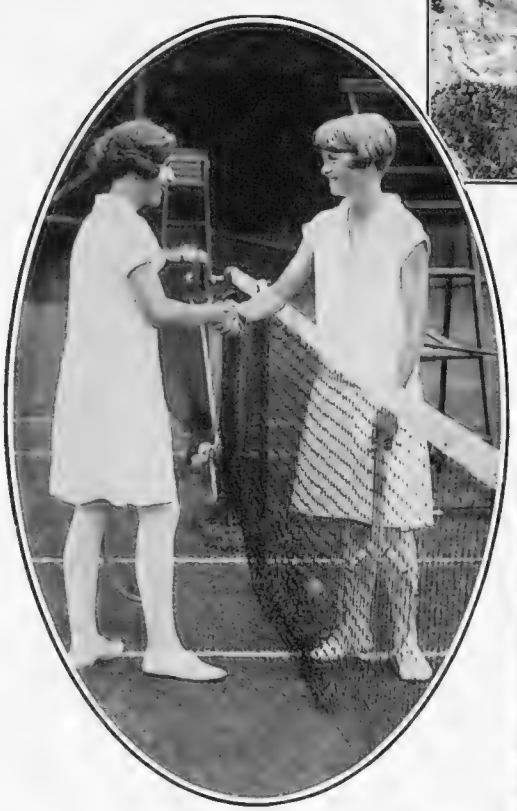
Mr. A. A. Mailey, Australia's last man in, being bowled by Geary for 6. England then gained the Ashes. Mr. Mailey the ball that bowled him and Strudwick one of the stumps!

figure but skimpy of the skimpiest in dress, both by day and night, attracted considerable attention by a lavish display of jewellery. She had evidently heard about the ladies at Deauville, and wanted to be in what she considered the fashion. As somebody said, "She had necklaces and chains laying thickly on every tier, and her figure was all tiers."

Amongst the many rings she wore was a huge single-stone diamond, much nearer in size to a shilling than to a sixpence. She was obviously very proud of this ring, and sitting one evening in the lounge beside another visitor whom she was boring very badly by the conversation she was forcing upon her, the bejewelled one, holding up her hand so that the ring glittered like a firework, said:—

WAITING FOR 'EM TO RISE *Sport and General*

Mr. Evans fishing a favourite pool on the Spey at Knockando, Elginshire. With him is Mrs. Dunbar, who is an interested spectator



Photopress

THE NET RESULT

Miss J. Edwards (left) shaking hands with Miss I. Hubback, whom she defeated in the Junior Lawn Tennis Tournament at Ryde. The tournament is one of the most popular sporting events in the Island

"Pretty, isn't it? It's a table diamond."

"Oh, really?" replied the other, "I should have called it a sideboard!"

A Golfing Record

THE Earldom of Eldon has been in existence just over a hundred years, and in that time has had only three holders. The first Earl was twice Lord High Chancellor, once for five years, and the second time for twenty years. During his second term of office he had much to do with the "Delicate Investigation" into the conduct of Queen Caroline, with which George IV scandalised Europe, and with the subsequent divorce proceedings in the House of Lords. His portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence is always considered to be the best man's portrait painted by that gifted but somewhat uncertain artist.

This first Earl of Eldon was the son of a Newcastle coal-merchant, and before he took to the law had seriously considered entering the Church. His grandson, the second Earl, "reigned" for sixteen years, and was succeeded by his son, then a boy of nine, the late Lord Eldon, who died suddenly in the street a little time ago, after holding the peerage for seventy-two years. Again the title goes to a grandson, the late Earl's eldest son, Viscount Encombe, having died twenty-six years ago. The new Lord Eldon is twenty-seven and is unmarried.

The late Lord Eldon had four sons and two daughters besides Viscount Encombe, and between them these sons and daughters have established a golfing record which is remarkable in one family. The second son, the Hon. Osmund Scott, has played for England against Scotland, and was runner-up for the Amateur Championship in 1905. The third, the Hon. Denys Scott, has been twice Amateur Champion of Italy, and was West of England Champion six years ago. But the greater golfing triumphs have fallen to the youngest son, the Hon. Michael Scott. He has been twice French Amateur Champion, twice Open Champion, and four times Amateur Champion of Australia, and, in addition to

THE SMILE OF VICTORY *Topical*

Miss Hilda Wallis, who has been winning all down the line in the Irish Championships, photographed at the County Wicklow Championship held at Bray. She has won six championships in all

Heawood

POLO IN THE SHIRES

Mrs. Marshall Roberts presenting the cup to Mr. T. F. Merrick after the Weedon team had beaten the Tigers in the final of the recent tournament at Brentingby, Melton Mowbray. Col. Brown, Hon. Secretary of the club, is standing next to Mrs. Marshall Roberts

Photopress

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant R. J. Otway-Ruthven, R.N., with his bride, Miss Beryl Martin Cooke. Their wedding took place at All Saints' Church, Upper Norwood, last week

all this, has been a winner of the St. George's Cup.

The younger daughter, Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, who married a brother of Viscount Boyne, held the Ladies' Golf Championship for the first three years after it was instituted, that was from 1893 to 1895.

Its First Appeal

THE Green Park Hotel which for years has been an eyesore in Piccadilly, with its iron girders and framework standing gaunt and melancholy, like a skeleton ghost of an hotel, is rapidly nearing completion. It is to be opened on Friday, October 29, and on that night a ball is to be given there in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich. The Hospital was founded in 1749, and this is the first public appeal it has ever made for money, £100,000 being urgently needed to complete the building.

No hospital is more deserving of support, for in addition to the splendid work it does for poor mothers it was amalgamated with the National Training School for District Midwives twenty-one years ago. The outcome of this amalgamation is that the Central Midwives Board has adopted the minimum training given at the School, and has made it compulsory—a step which has not only raised the status of the midwife to a very considerable extent all over the country, but is likewise a protection to thousands of poor women who employ their services.

A Correction

OWING to our being supplied with incorrect information by a photographic agency, Miss Joan Southey was described under a photograph in our issue of August 18 as a breeder of Irish wolfhounds. We have been asked to say that, although Miss Southey is the owner of several dogs of this popular breed, she does not actually breed them herself.

The Toll of the Air

THE past week was unfortunately a black one indeed in the records of flying. Not only were there five crashes to machines of the Royal Air Force, bringing the total number of deaths in the Service since August 3 up to the alarming number of ten, but the French Air Union liner which came to disaster at Hurst, in Kent, resulted in three deaths and ten people being injured, eight of them seriously. Among the dead in this disaster was Signor Rizzi Gino, who was known to countless numbers as Rizzi, the famous *restaurateur* and managing director of the Ambassador Club. Rizzi's death added yet one more instance to the growing number of people who have had a sure premonition of their impending death. Before leaving for Paris on the journey which was to prove the last he was to complete, he left definite and detailed instructions regarding the arrangement of his affairs on his death.

MISS ELIZABETH ORWIN *Bassano*

Who is engaged to marry Mr. Vernon Maxwell, the Oxford Golf Blue. Miss Orwin is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Stewart Orwin, Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford

Lafayette

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Christina Woolmer Baxendale, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baxendale. She is to marry the Hon. Donald Erskine, of the 9th Lancers. Her fiancé is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Erskine

Bassano

TO WED

Miss Florence Ingoldby, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Ingoldby, of Bexhill, whose engagement has been announced. Her future husband is Captain Allan Walker of the 11th Sikh Regiment

"Under the Greenwood Tree"

Miss Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Roger Peek with her sons, William Grenville and Roger John, in the grounds of Hazelwood, Loddiswell, her home in Devonshire. Mrs. Peek, who is a sister of Lord Basing, was formerly the Hon. Joan Sclater-Booth

BON MOT-IFS

BY HARTLEY CARRICK

All over the West End of London the roads are up. The City Council authorities, however, state that this is only a transitory inconvenience.

. . . . . .

It is alleged that Mr. Philip Snowden will shortly write his reminiscences. We trust that he will give a fillip to each chapter.

. . . . . .

It is said that the money received from Russia by the Miners' Federation is tainted. Well, anyhow, t'aint ours!

This week's bombshell:—You have only got to watch the saxophone player to discover which way the wind blows.

The Difference.

Poor Father had a mishap with his Ford,
And that misfortune made him froth and foam;
When, lo! a fellow motorist appeared,
And promptly towed him home!
His youngest had no love for life at school,
So, like a truant, started off to roam;
When, lo! his father suddenly appeared,
And promptly toed him home!

Tennyson on betting:

"Our little systems have their day.
They have their day and cease to be."

Sam.

I know a family
Which consists of brothers (three),
And two of them I'm fond of, yes, I am;
I get on well with Freddy,
And I've no complaints of Teddy;
But I absolutely can't stand Sam!
He has codfish sort of eyes,
And a nasty taste in ties,
And his face bears strong resemblance to a ham.
He's the sort of whippersnapper
That the girls describe as "dapper"—
Oh, I absolutely can't stand Sam!
Yestereve we sallied out,
Just at eight or thereabout,
When he suddenly said, "What about a dram?"
I said, "Thank you, not for me";
And the reason was, you see,
That I knew Sam had no money "to stand Sam"!

. . . . . .

"Was Solomon a woman-hater?" asks a contemporary. The Solly season has, indeed, commenced.

By Bertram Prance

THE WEIGH OUT

Patient: "What is the cause of gout, doctor?"

Doctor: "Excessive eating and drinking will produce gout. Mental worry will also cause it."

Patient: "Dear me! Well, I must stop worrying over my excessive eating and drinking"

At a cricket match in Norfolk a substitute (a lieutenant), who was fielding and who missed a catch, was reproved by the skipper; whereupon the sub swore at him and was requested to leave the ground. But even a sub'll turn.

. . . . . .

Frankness.

Frank, though you go upon your knee,
I tell you that I scorn your plea.
You're not the sort of man to know:
Your breeding and your brow are low;
As for your socks and neckties—Gee!
I'm reading you this homily
Because I merely wish to be frank.
You said you'd take me to the sea;
Then pleaded lack of £ s. d.;
Therefore, you nasty little blight,
Learn you have fallen in my sight;
Yea, frankly, Frank, you fall like the franc!

. . . . . .

Many people wonder why language should be so heated on the links. Perhaps it may be due to the influence of the Golf Stream.

. . . . . .

It would be more truthful and more convenient to prospective tenants if landladies were to head their advertisements, "Compartments to let."

. . . . . .

Last week a stranger strolled into the cardroom of a London club and cut in for a game of bridge. Not until he had made his first declaration was it discovered that he wasn't a member. We understand that the hall porter then doubled him out of the club.

. . .

"Mr. Communist Cook," says a journal, takes no heed of complaints from the legitimate Trades Unionist. No; he only looks on the whine when it is Red.

. . .

"Why didn't you sound your horn at that corner?"

"Pooh! I don't care a hoot who gets in the way."

. . .

A suburban writer says that no song has ever been written about Peckham. Yet we seem to remember a lyric which celebrated Comin' thro' the Rye.

By A. D. Phoenix

A "DEEP" DRINKER

"I'm afraid my son is not so temperate as he might be"

"What a pity! I am glad to say that my dear Charles is *most* abstemious. I notice he is always so refreshingly thirsty in the morning"

By Fred Buchanan

EXTRACT FROM A HOLIDAY "ACCOUNT"

"Our landlady was p£eaSeD we enjoyed our visit!"

Produced May 22, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I SEE by the programme that "The Padre" has been adapted from a French play entitled "*Mon Curé chez les Riches.*" The idea of contrasting the ways of a simple priest with those of the aggressively rich has always been the trump card of dramas for the People, who love to dwell on the old parable of the camel and the needle's eye, to their own obvious advantage. It should prove especially popular in these days when misguided agitators are so frantically urging the acceptance of Proudhon's doctrine that property is theft. An added relish suited to the times is supplied by the occasional ridicule of constitutional authority. The Padre more than once has the laugh over his Archbishop, while he is even disrespectful to the Cardinal himself; and on this note the final curtain falls to a roar of delighted cheers.

WE first meet the Padre in his home with his pipe and his dog and the elderly housekeeper who henpecks him for having given away in charity things that he needs for himself. The Padre went all through the War, and was freely decorated for his courage and kindness and every other exalted quality that can be imagined. In a play of this sort, of course, you first catch your hero, and then paint him in glowing colours with a very thick brush. The Padre's first difficulty is that his parish includes the historical Château Sableuse, which has recently fallen into the hands of a M. Cousinet, who was not only a shirker in the War, but became a Profiteer as well. While the Padre is hesitating as to whether or not he ought to call on people of that class, some new hymns are brought to him to be tried over; but after he has strummed a few notes he says he knows a better hymn than all the rest. And to a storm of applause he plays and sings the famous "Tipperary" song, while a kinema picture on the wall of his room shows British troops marching to the front somewhere in France. After that, of course, the Padre's popularity is assured.

Stage Photo Co.

NOT TOO GOOD

The Padre (Basil Gill) is sternly reprimanded by Monseigneur (Lauderdale Maitland) for his unconventional behaviour. Meanwhile the Cardinal (H. R. Hignett) regards the delinquent in a not too disapproving light

THEN we move to the Château, where M. and Mme. Cousinet are putting their house in order, and we drop into the rich, easy humour that always goes down so well in a popular theatre. It is understood that before her marriage Madame performed at the lighter theatres, where the actress's voice counts for little provided that she is daintily shaped. It was to this latter advantage that Madame owed her theatrical success, and so the portrait of an honoured member of the old nobility of France is promptly removed to give place to a full length painting of the lady reclining on a couch in the almost "altogether," for the sake of exhibiting her pleasing figure, and her shapely limbs. There is a persistent rumour that French actresses of Madame's type are not paragons of virtue, and we have the uncharitable suggestion here of a rather hectic past.

THE suggestion becomes more obvious when Monsieur Pierre, a good-looking young man, calls at the Château, and tells Madame that he used to sit in the theatre where she was acting and worship her from afar. Madame is so flattered by the confession that she asks Pierre to kiss her, and when he hesitates she gives him a friendly lead by throwing both arms about his neck, and pushing her face vigorously against his, and leaving it there for quite a while. Indeed, the protracted nature of the embrace almost justifies the current jest about over-eager flappers who are alleged to Seccotine their lipsticks. While this frenzied kiss is still in

progress, the Padre strolls into the room and catches the naughty ones at it, to the intense delight of the audience. The delight is increased when, finding his presence happily unnoticed, he tip-toes back to the door, where he makes a noise like an eavesdropper before formally re-entering.

THE Padre has no time to admonish the offenders suitably, as just then the Archbishop arrives and Madame is, as it were, all over the great prelate, exaggerating the ceremonial of his welcome in order to get as many laughs as possible at his expense. At the first opportunity the Archbishop rebukes the Padre gently for not wearing his gloves; whereupon the Padre produces from his pocket gloves that are holed in a dozen places, and the laugh is against the superior order once again. The riotous enjoyment of the audience provoked by this scene is evidence that it is quite up to modern standards. In this scene M. Cousinet appeals to the Archbishop for support in the forthcoming election in which he is standing as the usual People's Friend. Another of M. Cousinet's supporters and active workers is Plumoiseau, a journalist who is always ready for another drink. Wonderful how dramatic authors manage to think up imaginary characters of this kind, isn't it?

FROM the Château we go to a very worldly restaurant in Montmartre, where Pierre has brought the volatile Madame Cousinet with apparently the liveliest of expectations. By a happy coincidence, the Padre happens to be in Paris too, and in the simple purity of his honest heart he imagines that the "Abbaye" is a home of rest for travelling priests. He is shown into a private room where he sups in solitary magnificence until a lively girl named Paulette comes bursting in under the impression that the room is occupied by her rich American friend. The Padre, speaking to her as one person would in conversation with another, wonders what his dinner will cost him, and he is shocked to hear that the amount will be more than he will be able to pay. Paulette is, of course, One of the Girls, but just to show that a kind heart may beat beneath a frivolous camisole, she at once offers to lend the Padre the money he needs. The offer is, of course, declined with grateful thanks, but it serves its purpose as evidence that even the *Cocotte* is not entirely outside the pale, and Madame, and he at once realises that it is his duty to prevent the threatened outbreak of mortal sin. It so happens, however, that the couple have indulged in the convenient kind of quarrel which in these cases is always a comforting guarantee to the audience of continued good behaviour.

IN the last act the Padre crosses swords again with the Archbishop, who talks of sending him to a monastery, firstly, because he was alleged to have had a night out with the boys at Montmartre, and secondly because he has disobeyed the orders of his superiors in the matter of M. Cousinet's election. At this point the Cardinal intervenes and the *status quo* is restored, to the discomfiture once more of the unhappy Archbishop. Mr. Basil Gill runs pleasantly through the part of the Padre, though it is scarcely the sort of thing for an actor of his great distinction; while Miss Olive Sloane is simply gorgeous as the *parvenue* Madame Cousinet. The play has clearly been built on purpose to suit the popular taste, and in that it succeeds all the time.

JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

ON WITH THE DANCE!

The Padre (Basil Gill) obliges with a war-time dance to the joy of his old comrade-in-arms, Pierre de Sablesue (Paul Cavanagh) and Monseigneur Sibue (Lauderdale Maitland)

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"As quick to ride . . as it is to walk"

MES AMIS—

OF all the people of Paris, not far from the most *sympathique* are the two Prefects, M. Bouju and M. Morain. M. Bouju, like many more of us, wrote a lot of verses in his youth, but, unlike most of us, is under no necessity to live it down, for they were quite good verses. And he can write quite good poetry still when he has a few moments of leisure. This, in a city of whims and fancies like Paris, is an excellent recommendation to favour.

AS for M. Morain, he can sing a good song and tell a good yarn, and he would look just like Captain Kettle if he borrowed the skipper's cap. But it is in his professional activities that M. Morain merits popularity. He is responsible for traffic control, and it is largely due to him that it is now almost as quick to ride in the centre of the city as it is to walk. This marks considerable progress, for a few months ago you had no choice if you were in a hurry; it was a matter of feet foremost.

AND now M. Morain is off on another line of progress, this time in regard to the noise of the motorist ear-splitters, with their raucous horns and their croaking Klaxons, like a mote of frogs electing a monarch by acclamation. All these horrid notes are to be *défendus*, and in their place he proposes to substitute warning instruments with a pronounced musical tone.

APPARENTLY the hooters are to be graded according to the nature of the motor vehicle. Heavy wagons will have horns of *basso profundo*, and so along the scale to the little two-seater runabouts, which will invite you to get out of the way with the sweet treble note of the boys in the village choir. The ruling principle for the future is to be enjoyable harmony in place of blasts and shrieks.

The boys in the village choir'

THEN a traffic jam will be a delightful pleasure to look forward to, for it should be almost as good as a Concert Lamoureux. It should not be too difficult to manage the orchestration as, obviously, in a period of musical hooters, it will be essential to select chauffeurs according to their ear as well as their driving skill; and we have one or two operatic policemen who should be able to direct the chorus with their batons just as skilfully as they direct the traffic. There is a great chance here for an ultra-modern composer, sighing for new worlds to conquer, with a Place de l'Opéra *nocturne* in F minor.

WHILE it would be mere affectation to say that Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen's decision to turn professional did not come as a surprise, even to those who follow French lawn tennis pretty closely, it had been evident that the drift away from the purest amateurism was becoming stronger with each succeeding Riviera season of tournaments. The temptations which prominent players have had to resist must have been sufficient to try the stoutest among them, what with offers of handsome commission for playing with so-and-so's racquets or declining to play with any but so-and-so's make of balls, to say nothing of hotel suites and *pension* at a nominal rate for some attached consideration or other.

LAST season's whisperings and rumours nearly broke out into a scandal, and probably acted as a lesson to those who were sailing near to the borderline or thinking of taking a

(Continued on page 426)

In The Limelight

Joan Craven

MISS SYLVIA HAWKES

Who is to appear in the farcical comedy, "The Whole Town's Talking," which is opening at the Strand Theatre on September 7. The play is written by Anita Loos, the author of "Gentleman Prefer Blondes," and John Emerson

"Direct the chorus with their batons"

risk. If there is to be professionalism in lawn tennis, it is certainly best that it should be open and fully recognised. It should help to the improvement of the playing standard as in golf, which is a point worth considering.

S

And as the big tournaments have practically become commercial enterprises, the existence of a small band of professionals cannot have much effect on the general character of the game. What we do hope in Paris is that the new move does not mean that we shall see practically nothing more of Suzanne, through inability to stage matches, for though she seems to have acquired the *prima donna* manner lately in its least likeable forms, she never failed to be the most spectacular figure on the courts.

S

When one has become fond of a Paris restaurant in an old-fashioned guise, it is generally almost impossible to develop a second liking for it under "modernised" conditions, but it has become necessary to make an exception in the case of that old favourite of the Latin Quarter, the Café d'Harcourt. Probably this is due to the fact that the patron, M. Queyrol, has avoided one offence which most of the modernisers have committed, that is, paying for the new paint by engaging a new *chef* who was cheaper and thus less efficient. Though the Café d'Harcourt has a jazz band of appropriate quality, it is not for the dancing that clients flock, but for the cooking, just as Verlaine and Alphonse Daudet did in its past palmy days.

S

Now that Miss Gertrude Ederle has swum the Channel at the staggering pace of two miles an hour, which makes the feat sound simple, many people will probably be wondering what happened to the Eskimo with the blubbery name, who was making his preparations simultaneously. From the training camp of the Channel-swimming aspirants used to come daily reports of the practice swims of all the candidates and also of the sufferings of the Eskimo.

S

While all the others were complaining that they were cramped by the coldness of the water, he unfailingly recorded that it was too hot, and one bitter day he drew attention to blisters which were alleged to be scalds. But with the diminution of American journalistic interest in the Cap Gris-Nez camp we are not likely to hear anything more about the boiled Eskimo, for it can now be revealed that he was invented *de toutes pièces*.

S

American journalists love to have their own little entertainment with which to while away the duller hours of a prolonged "assignment," and the Eskimo helped them to keep lively for several weeks. Maybe he will stage a "come-back" next summer. He was too good to lose altogether. In fact, there is no real reason why he should not replace that silly-season sensation so beloved of journalists *outre manche*—the sea-serpent. He has the advantage, too, of being able to give interviews, and no journalist—not even the imaginative American ones—have yet been able to interview the sea-serpent.

S

Among other humorists hitherto unsuspected of such tendencies must now be classed a handful of our Deputies, who are proposing that the number of Parliamentary representatives should be reduced. And the greatest humour lies in the fact that they apparently expect the public to take them really seriously. This shows how little they know their public; for there is nothing in regard to which the Parisian shows such cynicism as in his attitude towards the motives inspiring Deputies.

S

He never could be induced to believe that these gentry would commit *hara-kiri*. He is compelled to accept the unwelcome fact that they voted themselves a handsome increase of salary as part of the means of restoring the country's financial situation, but that they will now vote themselves out of their jobs as a sign of gratitude is too big a strain on his imagination. He writes it down as a very bad joke indeed.

René.

"The coldness of the water"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"

The Shrimp Gatherer and the Bathing Girl meet on the French coast

BEFORE THE F

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

THE PLUNGE

POST HASTE!

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"If you have a moment to spare, drop me a line

The Connoisseur

By
HOLLOWAY HORN

Illustration by
ALBERT BAILEY

REARSTON Manor was the sort of house one dreams about. It was built of warm, red Tudor brick, infinitely mellow and pleasing. The soft gleam of pewter welcomed one into the dim, oaken hall; the staircase mounted to a window of Elizabethan glass with a grace that left one breathless.

It was *right*. Everything in it was right, excepting, perhaps, in the matter of Richard Shelden's wife.

Shelden was not merely an eminent lawyer, but one of the keenest collectors of English china in the country. The Manor housed a collection of Bow and Lowestoft, of Chelsea and Plymouth, almost as fine as that of South Kensington itself; Shelden insisted that things and people should possess what he called quality—he had no use for imitations.

Sometimes he was mistaken—the best collector in the world is not infallible. There was that Chelsea group, for example; not for years did he discover that it was a fake. But it *was* a fake, and he smashed it one day without any feeling save a slight irritation at his own error.

He himself, in his queer way, was a museum piece—one uses an expressive phrase beloved of dealers. His hair was flecked with grey—he was fifty; his nose was aquiline, his deep-set eyes dark and keen. One sensed *quality* in him, breeding, if you will. Everything was right about him—glaze, colour, paste, marks—excepting, as we have seen, in the matter of his wife.

For he was a bachelor.

It was all wrong. The Manor should have enshrined some gracious woman, some piece as genuine and rare as those lovely Lowestoft jugs of his. Long, silent rooms there were, filled with treasure to delight the connoisseur . . . but were rooms *meant* to be silent? Did those little Bow figures like the silence?

After all, the loveliest thing in life—yes, lovelier even than salmon-scale Worcester—is the feeling of tiny arms round one's neck. This is perilously near sentimentality—that cardinal sin!—and there is much to be said for the *feel* of the old soft-paste china, but, after all . . .

He was fifty, remember, and nearing the hill-top.

Women adored him. He was that kind of man. Quiet, expert . . . impersonal. That was his *mot juste* . . . impersonal. He was as impersonal as the fifteenth-century pewter tankard over the fireplace in his hall.

And, of course, women talked about him. They said the usual things which are said of an elderly and impregnable bachelor. It was clear to them that somewhere in his life was a Romance, the memory of which was as dear to him as any other of his antiques.

"I don't think so," said Mary Hazel one afternoon. "He just hasn't bothered. His china and pewter and pictures *satisfy* him."

"Nonsense, my dear!" said her aunt, who had three unmarried daughters. "Nonsense!"

To which, of course, there was no reply.

Mary and Shelden were old friends, which was a little curious when one considers that she was not yet twenty. Her father, the Vicar, was a grave old man, of incredible unworldliness. He looked upon the friendship between his daughter and Shelden—when he thought of it at all—as something very charming, as, indeed, it was. The man of forty-five and the lanky girl of fifteen—all legs and hair—had been for many long tramps together over the Essex hills; he had taught her odd things about his hobbies, and, even as a schoolgirl, she had learned to spot a piece of Chelsea or Longport at sight.

School interrupted, but did not otherwise affect, the friendship. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen . . . and still Shelden and the young woman walked together; still there were those quiet teas in the dim hall as the soft light through the old window deepened; still those queerly impersonal chats as they strolled together through the long, silent rooms.

"I wonder what those little people think of us?" she startled him once by asking.

"They are beautiful, Mary," he said. "Perhaps it is enough to be beautiful."

"But are they happy?" she urged.

He smiled that wise smile of his.

"Yes," he said. "I think they are happy."

But after that, for awhile, they were silent.

Happiness . . . Sitting alone in his study that evening, he pondered on her words; it is not good for a man consciously to think of happiness.

He did not see her for the three months before her twentieth birthday; she was staying with her aunt and cousins in Devonshire. She walked over to the Manor, however, within an hour of returning to her home. He was not expecting her, and she came upon him suddenly in the garden.

For a moment he did not recognise her. She was wearing a dress he had not seen before, and was carrying her hat, as she wanted to see the immediate effect of her recently bobbed hair upon him, the effect, that is, before he had had time to think about it at all.

"Mary!" he said. "'Pon my soul, I didn't know you for the moment."

"Do you like it?" she demanded, and turned slowly so that he might see it in its completeness.

"I . . . I don't know. It's different."

"Of course it is, silly. It's bobbed. I should have had it shingled only the pater would have been so upset. *He* likes it . . . bobbed."

"You seem suddenly grown-up. Suddenly not the Mary I have known all these years," he complained.

"I *am* grown-up," she said gravely. "I feel most frightfully old, sometimes."

"Anyway, I'm delighted to see you, now that I am assured that it is you," he smiled.

She slipped her arm in his as they walked along.

(All rights strictly reserved)

" I'm glad to be back," she said. " I did so want to talk to you."

He felt the gentle pressure on his arm as she spoke, and the sudden thrill of it.

Now a thrill may be an unsettling thing. Often, in the past, he had been thrilled—for example, the day he came upon a delightful little landscape by Varley, priced at three shillings—but this thrill was definitely different. He looked down at her, looked down at her delicate profile. There was the same exquisite colouring that one sometimes found in very early Chelsea figures . . . a transparency, almost. There is no need for those particular pieces to be marked; they are marked all over. Perfection cannot be faked.

Perfection.

She was unquestionably very beautiful, he reflected soberly, and he was certain that he used the word as he would have used it of a piece of Billingsley porcelain. He knew, of course, very much more about the porcelain than he did about the girl.

" I've missed our talks awfully."

" I'm glad," he said frankly.

" I wish I had your . . . your capacity of making up your mind," she said, a little later. " I've watched you when a dealer has sent you a piece. You look at it and look at it, and then definitely make up your mind finally that it's right or it isn't."

" I try to," he said.

" You do," she insisted. " It's harder to, though, with people."

" You can depend on things," he said gravely. " On certain things, anyway."

" And not on people? " Her eyes had suddenly sought his.

He hesitated.

" A thing is what it is. A person is compact of emotions . . . variable, like the sunlight on a bit of Leeds—that creamy ware, you remember? "

She nodded.

" I sometimes wonder whether you don't judge people the least little bit too much by the standard you adopt in china. People aren't always right or not right. They're . . . complicated."

" I suppose they are," he said. " But aren't you in a rather queer mood, Mary? "

" I don't know. I'm unsettled. I don't think I like growing up."

" We were very happy in the old days," he said, with a sudden wistfulness.

" I'm really ashamed! " she said. " Coming back here, and talking like a wet afternoon."

" Thank goodness we don't have to pretend with each other, Mary. Come in and pour out tea for me."

Once again they had tea in that old dim hall. Somehow, it made a tremendous difference that day, having Mary to pour out tea. It seemed almost as if she were a part of the hall, as *right* there as the old dower-chest at the foot of the stairs. There was something *satisfying* in her, just as there is in all beautiful things.

Very little was said. Mary was more preoccupied than usual, more self-conscious, in a way. She went very early. Shelden walked with her to the Vicarage, and, after leaving her, strolled very slowly back.

She *was* different. She was no longer a child . . . A woman.

He had never looked upon her as a woman before, but suddenly he was acutely conscious that she *was* a woman, a very beautiful woman. And her beauty stirred him as no other beauty had ever done. It was absurd, he told himself. He was . . . fifty; she twenty. Autumn and Spring. Folly . . . and yet he could still feel the thrill of her gentle pressure on his arm, see the delicate flushed cheek as he had looked down at her.

After all, fifty wasn't old; he felt as young as ever he did. And from a worldly point of view he was entirely eligible. But did she look upon him as an old man, or at least as someone remote from her generation? They had been perfect friends. Perfect.

But this was crass folly. He wasn't in love with her; he was certain that he was not in love with her.

Love! . . . but *was* he in love? This insistence in his thoughts was new, unsettling. Better not dwell on it.

But, try as he would, his thoughts went back to her. She had turned slowly so that he might see her hair. She was as graceful . . . as graceful as that young birch over there. It was good that they were such perfect friends.

She came the following afternoon. He looked at her with a new vision, in spite of himself, and knew that he loved her. Some definite change had taken place in him. Before she had gone away he had not loved her. Now he did. He was awkward and ill at ease as a result, and she, too, was not as talkative as usual.

" You seem worried, Mary."

" I am," she said. " I want to tell you about it. But it sounds so idiotic."

" If I can help you in any way, please tell me."

" I want you to meet . . . Look here, have you ever been in love? "

She shot the question at him, and with the unconscious cruelty of her youth completely missed the effect it had on him.

" Once," he said gravely, for, with a merciless clearness, he saw the meaning behind her words.

" Well, I'm in love. *Does* it strike you as idiotic? I should simply hate it to do that."

" I do not think it idiotic in the least."

" I want you to meet . . . him . . . before I make up my mind. He's coming down this week-end on purpose. I insisted on your seeing him first."

He was watching her almost hungrily.

" You love him? "

She nodded her averted head. " Of course, it won't make any difference to *us*," she said, turning to him anxiously.

" Why should it? " he asked bravely.

" He really is a dear," she said. " He's an architect as well," she went on, with a smile.

" And how old is he? "

" Twenty-six. Frightfully young, of course. But we do love each other most awfully. You'll like him. I'm *sure* he's right . . . he's one of those bits that don't need the mark to show they're genuine." She smiled again as she fell into the idiom of the collector.

" You couldn't love a fake," he said simply. " I've seen to that. Bring him across, my dear, and, for what it's worth, an old man's opinion is at your service."

" I knew it would be. But you're not old, Dick. Don't be ridiculous! "

* * * * *

He faced the situation with such resignation as he could muster. Very shyly, she introduced the man she loved to her friend.

" He's a fine chap, Mary," he told her afterwards. " A *fine* chap! "

And, after tea in the old dim hall, he watched them go off together.

For awhile he sat where they had left him, alone.

It was better so. Far better.

Wiser . . . he knew that.

But wisdom cannot ease an aching heart, or lessen a sense of intolerable loss.

For wisdom is left when youth has departed, and the wisest sigh in vain for that which is gone.

Scientists declare that plants can feel. We suppose that is why a Pink goes that colour when it's made the laughing Stock of the garden.

. . . . . .

From a feuilleton: " Her voice dropped to an imperceptible whisper." More bluntly the author might have written: " It fell like the franc."

. . . . . .

" What sort of Bridge player is Brown? "

" Rotten. He will call on a check suit."

. . . . . .

A lady journalist declares that no woman should remain with the same husband for more than three years. That, we agree, is " the limit."

A Dancing Occasion

Hal Linden

MISS JOAN PICKERING

The well-known ballroom dancer poses for the camera. She has danced in most of the capitals of Europe during her career

The Lighter Side of Life on the Lido

SUNWARD HO!

Lord and Lady Northesk about to brave the perils—if any—of the vasty deep. Their craft, like their kit, is admirably suited to the sunny summer calm

Photographs

"DUTY, DUTY MUST BE DONE"

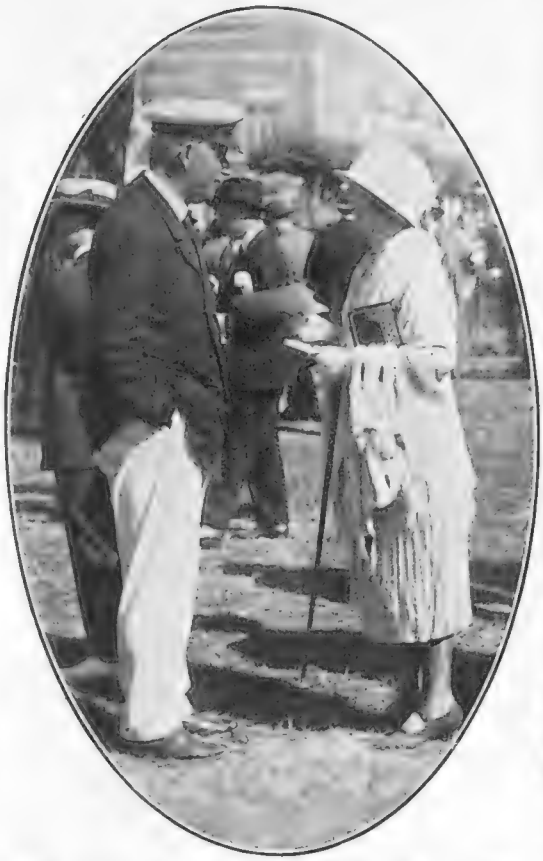
Mr. David Sturgis, the well-known dramatist, putting in a little good work on a new play. To judge by the easy way in which his canoe-raft rides the waves, he is obviously a master of his craft

Central News

A PADDLING WE WILL GO

The Misses Carolyn and Anne Storrs, of New York, in costumes which are more *de rigueur* on the Lido than they would be in Bond Street. Comfort is the keynote of the fashions here

Deauville Diversions in Summer Days



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES NEWBIGGIN AT THE RACES

LIEUT.-COL. SCOTT-DOUGLAS

Photographs

MLLE. RENÉE TAMANY, MLLE. MAGUY WARNA AND MLLE. GERMAINE SOMBRAY IN THE GARDENS

Sport and General

MR. EARL HOPPING

Some of those who are enjoying a holiday *au grand air* at the popular watering-place. There are any number of ways in which the holiday-maker can find recreation and amusement

THE SEASIDE CHAIR RAMP

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Heading by CUNINGHAM

THE cheapest and yet in some ways the most courteous gesture in the world is to offer another a seat. A strange and even an unwelcome visitor is always invited to sit. Seats are given up by the young to the old and by the gallant to the fair in omnibuses and trains. Judges frequently invite prisoners to be seated in the dock, and those who have been in prison all testify to the fact that there is a chair in every cell. Usurers, cannibals, parsons, and publishers, all offer their intended victims a seat.

Yet if you want a chair at the seaside you are compelled to pay for it!

It will be agreed by even the most doltish of seaside town councillors that most shore resorts are dependent for their commercial prosperity on the number of visitors they can attract. In this regard the seaside town is in exactly the same position as the theatre. Now, supposing a visitor to the theatre or the kinema, after he had paid his entrance money, were challenged by a harpy to pay 2d. or 3d. extra for the use of a seat. He might pay it at first, after much grumbling, but how often would he revisit the house where the robbery took place?

Town Councillor: "Excuse my butting in, but our case is not in the least like that of the theatre. We charge nothing for entrance."

I am glad this man has butted in because no one can now reproach me for presenting only one side of a great controversy. He says that the seaside resort charges nothing for entrance. This is to ignore altogether what the visitor pays for his accommodation and his amusements. All municipalities derive their revenue from the rates, and their expenditure is governed by the amount realised by these rates. Both the rateable value of houses and the ability of the ratepayer to pay depends in a seaside town on that town's revenue from the outside world.

Town Councillor: "I do not claim that visitors are not profitable to us. I only dispute your comparison of our town with a theatre. In a theatre the use of a seat is part of the bargain. With us it is not, and if the visitor does not care to pay for our chairs he can do without them."

Then, my dear Town Councillor, be honest in your advertisements. Put on your posters, "Come to Sunny Splashsea for the Holidays. Standing Room Only Unless you Care to Pay Through the Nose for a Seat." When a visitor brings his money into a town he is as much entitled to a seat in it as is a person making several purchases in a shop.

Town Councillor: "You spoil your case by exaggeration. We charge a copper or two for the use of a comfortable canvas chair and you call that 'paying through the nose!'"

Pretty contemptuous of a "copper or two," isn't he? Let us see how it works out. In May and June he charges 2d. in the morning, 2d. in the afternoon, and 2d. again in the evening. In July and August the price of a chair, morning, afternoon, and evening, is 3d., a most unforgivable increase, because the enormous swelling in the number of visitors should enable him to charge much less.

Now suppose the July or August visitor uses a chair on the morning, afternoon and evening of each day of the week. He pays 5s. 3d. for the privilege, does he not? The average visitor stays a fortnight, so might easily pay 10s. 6d. for being allowed to sit down in the place to which the Town Council's posters have lured him and where the Town Council is most anxious to keep him.

Town Councillor: "Hoity-toity! Here speaks the child with very little knowledge. Have you never heard of the fortnightly season ticket which costs 5s.? And what sort of a rare visitor is it who requires to use a chair every morning, afternoon, and evening of his stay?"

This Town Councillor little knows what is coming to him. I am well aware of the existence of the fortnightly season ticket, but I say that they sell badly because visitors know that the possibility of rain makes them very expensive. Also I am well aware that very few visitors want a chair every morning, afternoon, and evening. Let us cut the possible expenditure in half. Let us say that the average visitor either buys a fortnightly season for 5s. or spends 5s. 3d. on occasional chairs in a fortnight.

Town Councillor: "That's what you call paying through the nose. Ha, ha!"

He laughs best who laughs last. Supposing, I say, that the visitor for a fortnight spends 5s. on chairs. What is the original cost of the chair?

Town Councillor: "H'm. Can't say."

Well, I have looked into the matter. I find that you can buy at any big London stores a striped jute deck chair with birch frame, well finished, for 3s. 9d. That means that the cost of such a chair to a seaside Town Council buying thousands would not be a farthing more than 3s. Now, where are we? The chair costs 3s., the visitor for a fortnight pays 5s., surrenders his 3s. chair to a long succession of visitors who also pay 5s., and at the end of the season the chair still belongs to the Town Council. Can it be said that in the length and breadth of this country there is viler profiteering? . . .

The Town Councillor has gone. He has just remembered an urgent appointment. If he had stayed he might have pleaded that the men who collect the money for the chairs have to be paid, and mentioned the expense of first purchase and regular repair.

To that I would have replied that a charge of 1d. would amply cover all such salaries and costs. But I would have gone further. I would have told him that the first seaside council to put such trifling expenditure on the rates would reap a golden harvest for the town it governed. The courtesy of a town should be as the courtesy of an individual. If I go to that Town Councillor's house he offers me a chair. If I go to his town he should not charge me for one.

Contemplate the value of a "Free Seats at the Seaside" slogan! "Come to Splashsea for your holidays. Your Deck Chair in the Sunshine Costs you Nothing." So notorious are the seaside bosses for discourtesy that such an announcement would create a great sensation.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF VERRY JUNIOR, M.P.

Verses by Hugh Bolton Drawings by GORDON JACKSON

THE presence of the Whips and staid Front Benchers
Quite spoils the fun of speaking in the House.
You have to think of what they'll print in Hansard;
It makes one feel as timid as a mouse!

I'm quite a different fellow down in Mudton;
Just see me at a garden party there!
I listen to the woes of harassed mothers,
And—hush! I flirt with every lady fair!

And then I talk with charm and grave decorum
On subjects deep, like croup or housemaid's knee.
And you should see my pose of pale perfection
When I am asked to say the grace at tea.

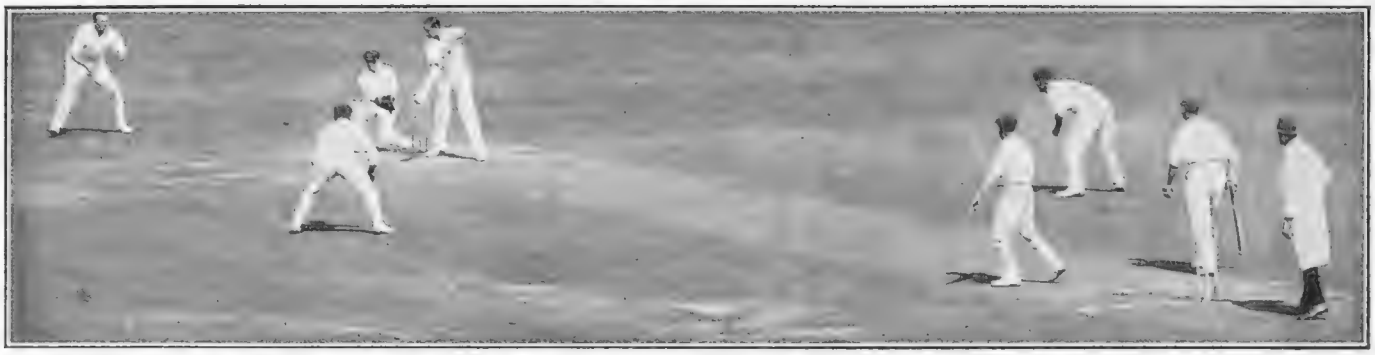
But when the final lump of cake has vanished
And there's no room for one more cup or bun,
Then, ah! then, I speak with gay abandon
On each or any subject 'neath the sun.

I let it rip without the least compunction;
My audience merely murmurs "Oh" or "Ah."
I may be quite a puny gun when I'm in London
But here I am indeed the Great Pooh-bah!

WHAT THEY'LL PRINT IN HANSARD

A GARDEN PARTY

POSE OF PALE PERFECTION



A WATCHFUL STROKE AT THE OVAL *Central News*

Sutcliffe carefully places a ball to the "off" during England's first innings in the Final Test Match. Almost as startling as the cricket was the fact that there were only 15,000 people present on the opening day. However, the attendance subsequently showed a great increase

Other People's Pleasures

THE FOUR BALL FOURSOME

By DELL LEIGH

THE holiday four-ball foursome has usually small beginnings but momentous endings. It begins by the arrival into the hotel circle of "the very strong man Kwasind," who knows Andrew, with whom you are staying and playing. Andrew has got a Glasgow friend up here, "Chibiabos, the musician" (in his bath), and the three get together at cocktail time and tell each other how they did the 6th in two—or very nearly. Out of this plethora of camouflaged boasting a three-ball match is born of doubtful parentage.

Your own game for the last eight dreadful days has been a mixture of Mah Jhong and Up Jenkins; and as no man can combine these frolics on a respectable golf course and keep sane, you have retired into an oblivion of silence, despised of all men. You know what happens to the three-ball. It has happened on all golf courses many times. Kwasind has been tried out on you when he arrived, because you have a certain false reputation for golf which you can never live up to, and Kwasind is a steady 6.

When their three-ball contract is signed and sealed and the bell pressed for another one, they refer to you, his victim, as to strokes. You suggest he plays their best ball and gives them twelve strokes. For Andrew hits his shoulder with all wooden clubs, and Chib is a little man with a cricketer's style, which carries no man very far through the green. You think it is a sitter for Kwas, and plank down your money accordingly. You never see it again. Because, for some inexplicable reason, Andrew and Chib play the game of their lives. Kwas finds all the whins and most of the burns *en route* to the hilarious 19th hole, which, as you all know, is the hotel lounge, and they beat him 3 up.

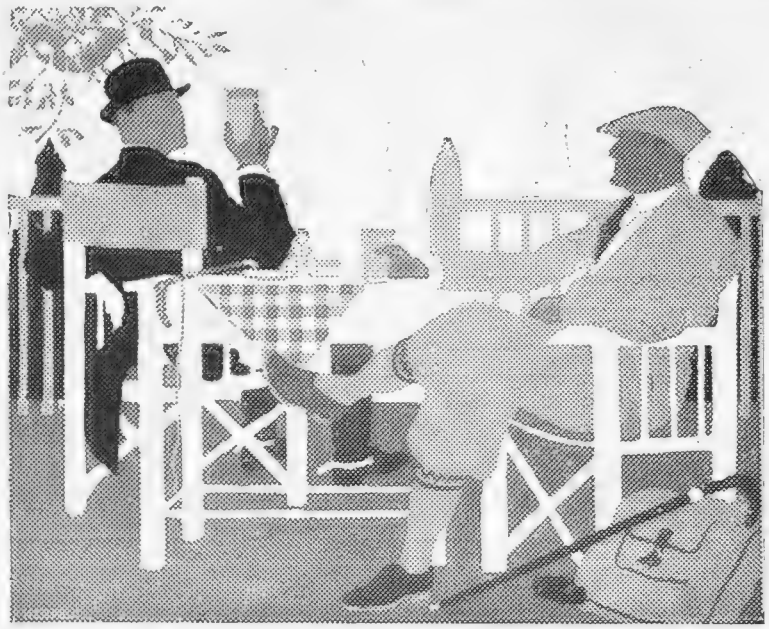
There is something rather touching about a man at eventide who has played at the rate of about seven strokes below his handicap all the way round. A child can play with him. He beams philosophically upon an inimical world. He becomes suddenly attentive to his waiting and watching wife. Thus Andrew and Chib. Thus all men who do these things. There is an atmosphere of *bonhomie* and old brandy abroad. But in the eyes of the defeated Kwas there lurks guile. When the two triumphant ones have told every man in the neighbourhood about the day's doings, hole by hole, and Kwasind is sick unto death of the subject, he looks across the glasses at you and says, "Shall we take them on?"

If you are wise you will reply, "Not on your life," or something convincingly final of that sort. But who is wise about his golf? And you hover and say, "W-ell, I dunno—p'raps we might." And out of this the four-ball is born. The unanimous decision is that they should receive eighteen strokes. By what process of golfing mathematics they arrive at this, seeing that they have beaten him with twelve, you cannot grasp. You are, however, drawn from strong dissension into lukewarm agreement, and you go into a species of hard training alone with your caddie, a driver, and six old balls on the relief course—until Saturday. And the financial barometer rises steadily meanwhile. The hotel generally gets wind of the business (for it has become a business now, not a game) and people, with nothing better to occupy their placid minds, start betting about you.

Of course, disintegration has set in long before you arrive on the first tee—at least, it does with me always—and long before you have reached the first green you have picked up. In my case, a four-ball foursome is one long series of pickings up of unconsidered trifles—my ball being the trifle! And we come back to the hotel six down. Andrew and Chib, inflated with recent victory, have gone from strength to strength. Kwasind, the very strong man, has endeavoured manfully to carry me all the way round on his back, so to speak, and eventually breaks under the strain. No need to describe the golf. We have all been through this sort of misery—and will again. But there is a moral to the tale. And it is this.

To be a success in a four-ball foursome you must have guile, and lots of it. Kwasind had a goodish bit, but not enough. The best way of all, I have found subsequently, is to adopt the cross-talk comedian patter with your partner, somewhat in this wise:—"Let me see. Yes: we are two down. But this is the 5th. Now at the 5th Andrew can be counted on almost certainly to pull his tee shot into that rough yonder. If he does not—and we'll hope and pray he does—Chib will find the deep bunker guarding the green—he always does. . . . Well, they got out of *that* more by luck than judgment, old boy. But they are getting rattled with each other. I'm not surprised. This trickling the ball along the fairway with half-topped brassies won't last. Chib will start his old slicing trick in a hole or two, mark my words. . . . And we shall get holes back at the 10th and 12th. Andrew is terrified of both of them . . . They are playing above their game; it can't last . . ."

These remarks should be made *sotto voce,* but loud enough to be heard, while caddies are making tees, or while there is a hold-up through a green. It is a fearful and wonderful thing how rapidly and devastatingly the sub-conscious mind re-acts in golf, more than in any other game. If it *is* a game. I am beginning to doubt whether it is. A tribulation would seem to be a better word. A sort of mental chastisement that a man has to pass through, to keep him from getting above himself—until you play a really good round. And then; "Well, these other fellows are not *golfers,* strictly between ourselves, and I don't mean to be unkind . . ."



Drink it when you're fit

After all, health is principally a matter of balance. Modern conditions are such that we are exposed to infection all day long: practically immersed in germs, so to speak. We cannot avoid them.

What we can do, however, is this. *We can make sure that we have the physique to fight them.* With Horlick's Malted Milk we are sure of an unbroken supply of nerve-force to combat disease.

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—THE ORIGINAL—

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Restaurants and cafés of standing serve Horlick's.

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To prevent sunburn, freckles, roughness, redness, coarseness, etc., caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust, smooth *Pond's Vanishing Cream* over your face, neck, hands and arms before you go out of doors. Do this from time to time while you are out. Then when you come in cleanse your skin with *Pond's Cold Cream.* Its pure oils soothe the tired sensitive tissues, restoring their suppleness and gently bring out all the deeply-lodged impurities. Do this *always* at night before you retire to rest.

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Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 19, 103 St. John St., E.C.1, will send, for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams and Home Massage Chart.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

163

I Prefer Aristocrats

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Those who've had their holidays and those who haven't"

London, *August* 23.

Dear Cousin—

I wonder what it would feel like to be hunted, like the convict in Mr. Galsworthy's *Escape,* that they've just put on at the Ambassadors. One hardly dares to think, though—it's such a dreadful idea, and don't believe, really, Mr. Galsworthy ever made me feel quite so bad before, though pretty fairly harrowed, I admit, by *Justice* and *The Silver Box,* one whereof I've only read, it's so long since they did it.

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To be hunted—and all for what to start with was completely and utterly a blameless bit of work, not to say quite the right thing to do. This youngish Captain Denant, the hero, or rather the victim, of the play, having pushed a constable's face in for manhandling one of those Blondes that some Gentlemen are said to Prefer, and as aforesaid P.C. happened to hit a railing with the other side of above-mentioned face, he never blew his whistle again, and Capt. Denant got five years' penal. (I suppose that is all possible, by the way. I mean, you'd think for an abs'lute accident a few months would have been more like it. And if it'd been a duchess or a film star he'd been defending, he'd have been let off with a caution, I'm sure—only, unfortunately, it happened to be merely one of *ces dames.*)

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So, then, after a year, as there's a real all-English fog on Dartmoor one morning, he downs tools, so to speak, and tries to escape. And meets all sorts of people, some of whom help him and some don't, always within an inch of recapture and ruin all the time. And here's where Mr. Galsworthy is so *right*—the ones who are ready to help are all the aristocrats, male and female, meaning, thereby, that they've got hearts and brains and breeding, though not necessarily titles. Whereas the people who want relentlessly to hunt him down are all the baser sort—warders and farmhands and a vulgar little picknicky shopkeeper, and what looks like a very minor clerk on holiday, judging from the cut of his plus fours.

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But, oh! dear Cousin, the moving awfulness of it all, that the author's so firmly and calmly and stoically and cleverly concealed beneath a mask of what looks on the surface almost like comedy. The way you can't help feeling all the time that the net's bound to close once more on this gallant young soldier who fought in the War, and he in his heart knows it, too, but is simply bound to make his bid for freedom with years of unspeakable existence staring him in the face, ordered about like a dog by those prison officials who ought to be blacking his boots.

卐

And does it so gallantly, too, chucking away at least one chance because it might make it rather awkward for a woman, and giving himself up at last when he's all nicely hidden among the cassocks and surplices and things in the vestry so that the parson shouldn't have to sear his conscience with a lie by saying he isn't there. And there are all the cheap and nasty people with the mob mind positively enjoying themselves hunting down "the varmint," as one charming and imaginative Devon farmer puts it.

"At the Piccadilly"

卐

Hope I shan't ever knock a policeman out, or, anyway, be caught doing it, but even *sans* that you can quite easily at least begin to realise what Captain Denant (who's Mr. Nicholas Hannen, simply amazingly charming and cool) must have felt. That hateful insolence of officials of the meaner sort when they think they've got you at a disadvantage and in their power—have seen it myself in a racing enclosure, for instance, when I've lost my badge—or among any of the real *servant* class, in fact, when they're dressed in a little brief authority and get the chance, as they think, to "rule." (That's what Communism would be like, too, I suppose, if Mr. Comic Cook had his way.)

卐

Always was an aristocrat, Mr. Galsworthy, in his way of thinking, and now he's more than ever so, as, meseems, people do get, the more they live and do and see and think. Aristocracy being, of course, dear Cousin, just exactly what it means in the original Greek (or is it Latin?)—meaning, to wit and that is to say, the rule of the best people and nothing to do with titles, whether fought for at the Norman Conquest or acquired in the more peaceful eras of Victoria, Edward, or George. The aristocracy of gentleness and sympathy and understanding and straightness and not-caring-a-damn-about-anything and having lots of baths when you can and going

'Amusing, in a way, to watch one's fellow creatures as they pass by in the street"

uncomplainingly without when you can't and being able to smile at things (Mr. Hannen has a perfectly delightful smile), and also, if necessary, to be furiously angry with a passion that's rather scorchingly painful to the mean mob minds that love tyrannising over animals and men . . .

Am I being serious, though? I apologise if so, but Mr. Galsworthy is rather infectious, and he's so studiedly unserious in this new play of his that one seizes rather too avidly, perhaps, at all the big things he's implied but refused to say. Let's forget it all again for the moment—only I can't *quite* pass away from *Escape* without just mentioning how perfectly sweet and slimly *divine* Molly Kerr looks in her red pyjamas when she sportingly lends Mr. Hannen her husband's coat and hat (though she might have thrown in a pair of trousers as well)—and what a nice hearty hunting woman Margaret Halstan makes, complete with breeches and all, when she contends so hotly with her narrow-minded maiden-aunt of a sister about whether they should help the escaper or not. As if there *could* be *any* question . . .

Talking about doing things in the right way, by the way, there's been some talk lately, I gather, at some of the meetings or assemblies of that highly important body that the frivolous call the British Ass., about public schools and places. Poorish spots, according to one speaker, with ever so much too much convention, and even boldly ventured the slightly remarkable statement, he did, that municipal schools and reformatories and Borstal had just as much public school spirit as other rather better-known estabs., such as, *e.g.*, Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and the like. Which, of course, one only hopes may or might be even partly or fractionally true, but, alas! . . . Well, come to think of it, where are the *products* of Borstal, etcet., that are going, it seems, so seriously to rival our own men from Winchester, Eton, and Harrow, etcet.?

Somewhere, perhaps, they'll turn up eventually on the other side, having voyaged outwards in that celebrated vessel of *Outward Bound* (that they're reviving again at the Everyman), but probably not earlier. But will very likely have quite a little bit of solid work to do first, like the Mr. Lingley of the play, whose real name was Finkelstein, or Guggenheimer, or whatnot. A little bit on the aristocratic side this particular drama, too, by the way, what?

It's rather amusing, in a way, to watch one's fellow creatures as they pass by in the street or 'bus or Tube, or whatnot. Two sorts or kinds there are, you know, these days—the pallid and the bronzed. Those who've had their holidays and those who haven't—and I'm not quite sure in truth which of the two are really most to be envied. To be really rather offensively fit and all bursting with health and vim and all the rest of it—or to be absolutely done down to the very verge of collapse (as one always is just before the holiday), and with that entrancing, alluring prospect just in front of weeks of complete and absolute irresponsibility. No work, no duties—except that one all-absorbing and all-important one of being continuously and always amused.

'No work, no duties"

Not that London's too utterly unbearable even now, as aforesaid. Especially when oysters are close at hand once more (frightfully scarce and dear they say they're going to be, but all the more succulent for that same reason, *n'est-ce pas?*). And there's lots and lots of amusing affairs happening, including at the Piccadilly, where Major Leadlay put on last week a perfectly good new show, with quite a new dance called the Stomp that's the latest rival of the Charleston, and sweet Mr. Hal Sherman and all sorts of nice dancers and people.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

Up the Banking at Brooklands (Inset—the Club Pavilion).

BROOKLANDS AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB

At least one visit to Brooklands should be included in the education of every motorist. It is an inspiring spectacle to stand and watch the competing cars for the first time on the edge of that saucer-like strip of concrete which is set so picturesquely in the pine-clad Surrey hills. Here is motoring without restraint—where the wings of speed can be fearlessly outspread.

When the late Mr. Locke King built the track in 1906, he did a service to a fine British industry which it can never sufficiently repay. Motor racing has played a splendid part in the development of the British motor car. It is at Brooklands that new designs, new types and improvements are put to the test. The strenuous conditions of a race probe every part for faults and flaws. Racing has improved the "breed"—as every motorist will admit. A motor race to-day, apart from all this, is a sporting event of wide appeal. It attracts to Brooklands a gay crowd of motorists, who take the keenest interest in every detail.

The B.A.R.C. itself is a club of enthusiasts—of intrepid racing drivers and practical engineers—who have made that three miles of track at Brooklands a power in motoring circles the world over.

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Round in Eight with the Camera

Photographs

"GONE AWAY!"

Miss Betty Rumbold sends her ball away with a strong drive. The photograph was taken at North Berwick

THE WINNING SMILE

That golf can have its lighter side is shown by this photograph from North Berwick of Mrs. Fisher Rowe

J. C. H. Balmain

ON THE LINKS

Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple photographed during a round on the links at North Berwick

Photographs

OUT FOR A DRIVE

Lady McLintock putting in some good work with her driver during a round on the popular links at North Berwick

Central News

THE DISTAFF SIDE

A ladies' foursome and one keen supporter thereof photographed during a round on the links at Cruden Bay. The group shows Lady Cory (left) Miss Carmen Cory, Miss Mandleberg, Lady Mandleberg and Miss J. C. Walker

on Three Famous Courses

BEFORE THE BATTLE *Central News*

Lady Mary Thynne (left), Lady Barbara Bingham, Lady Margaret Bingham and Lord Lucan discussing the prospects of the day. The photograph was taken on the links at Gullane

Photographs CAUSE AND EFFECT

Mr. F. M. Byers and Miss N. McLintock photographed during a golfing morning at Cruden Bay. Miss McLintock's smile may be due to the fact that they are leaving the bunker behind them

OFF TO THE GREEN *Central News*

Sir Courtauld Thomson (left), Miss Sybil Esmond and the Earl of Cavan on their way to one of the greens. They have been golfing at North Berwick

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

J. THWAITES

A caricature of the famous North Country jockey who has done such good work for Lord Glanely this season

Lancegaye

No fault could be found with the display of Lancegaye at Stockton. He was engaged in a good test of stamina and weight-carrying capacity, and emerged from it with flying colours. Comedy King, who was such a strong favourite, collapsed a furlong from the winning post, and on this form he can have little chance in the Doncaster St. Leger. I was not surprised to find Hercules putting up a good show at Stockton, for a few days previously I had seen him canter away with a race at Redcar. This colt is a really good stayer, and if he is trained for the Cesarewitch I shall not be surprised to see him take a prominent part in that race. The Stockton course is not ideal for a St. Leger horse. It resembles Chester in some respects and has several sharp turns. Thanks, however, to Hercules, last week's race was truly run, and Lancegaye's splendid stamina prevailed. I am now wondering how he will fare against Coronach on the Town Moor.

Coronach's Rival

It sounds almost like heresy to suggest the likelihood of Coronach's defeat, but I am convinced the Derby winner will find Lancegaye a more formidable rival than was the case at Epsom. You will remember that the Manton colt lost a good deal of ground in the Derby. Apart from that important fact, he was still decidedly backward. I regard him as being fully 10 lb. better than he was in the early summer. We must not forget that Coronach has not stood still since the Derby, but he has not yet had an opportunity of showing us whether he is really a great stayer. If there is anything wrong with the staying powers of the Beckhampton colt Lancegaye will assuredly find it out on the Town Moor next month. It is disquieting to learn that several of the horses in the Beckhampton stable have lately been amiss, but so far Coronach has not been among the sufferers, and I sincerely hope that Fred Darling will be able to produce the colt at the top of his form on the day of the St. Leger. Take away Lancegaye and the Derby winner does not look to have much to do at Doncaster.

Stockton Features

All the way through the Stockton meeting proved distinctly successful. One of its most pleasant features was a Royal victory on the opening day. I think Jovial Monk won in spite of himself. He is not the pluckiest of fighters, but this time he had his head in the right place at the finish of a strenuous struggle. Lord and Lady Londonderry entertained their usual house party for the meeting, and won a race on the second day with Sunne's Bride. I am afraid the result was not quite so popular as Wynyard Park winners usually are at this meeting, for the filly was not fancied and was accordingly comparatively neglected in the market. The disqualification of Lomondside was a great blow to the bookies, for All Green, who got the race, was a heavily backed competitor, whereas comparatively few people were on the Stockbridge colt.

On the Knavesmire

This week the big meeting is York, where, thanks to excellent arrangements and the attractive character of the card, it is always enjoyable to race. The Ebor on Wednesday looks a hard nut to crack. I have an idea that **Seradella** will score if this is the race selected for her. She is just coming back to her old form. In her absence Duvet and Brighter London are a likely pair to supply the winner. Thursday's programme will be full of interest. I shall make **Hercules** my choice for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. As far as the Gimcrack Stakes are concerned, it would not surprise me at all to see Bythorne or Composure win the race for Lord Derby. The sprint for the Harewood Handicap will be another attraction on this afternoon. **Scherzo** appears to be quite reasonably treated, and as I understand he is to be reserved for this race he is my rather confident selection.

POLO NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

In the U.S.A.

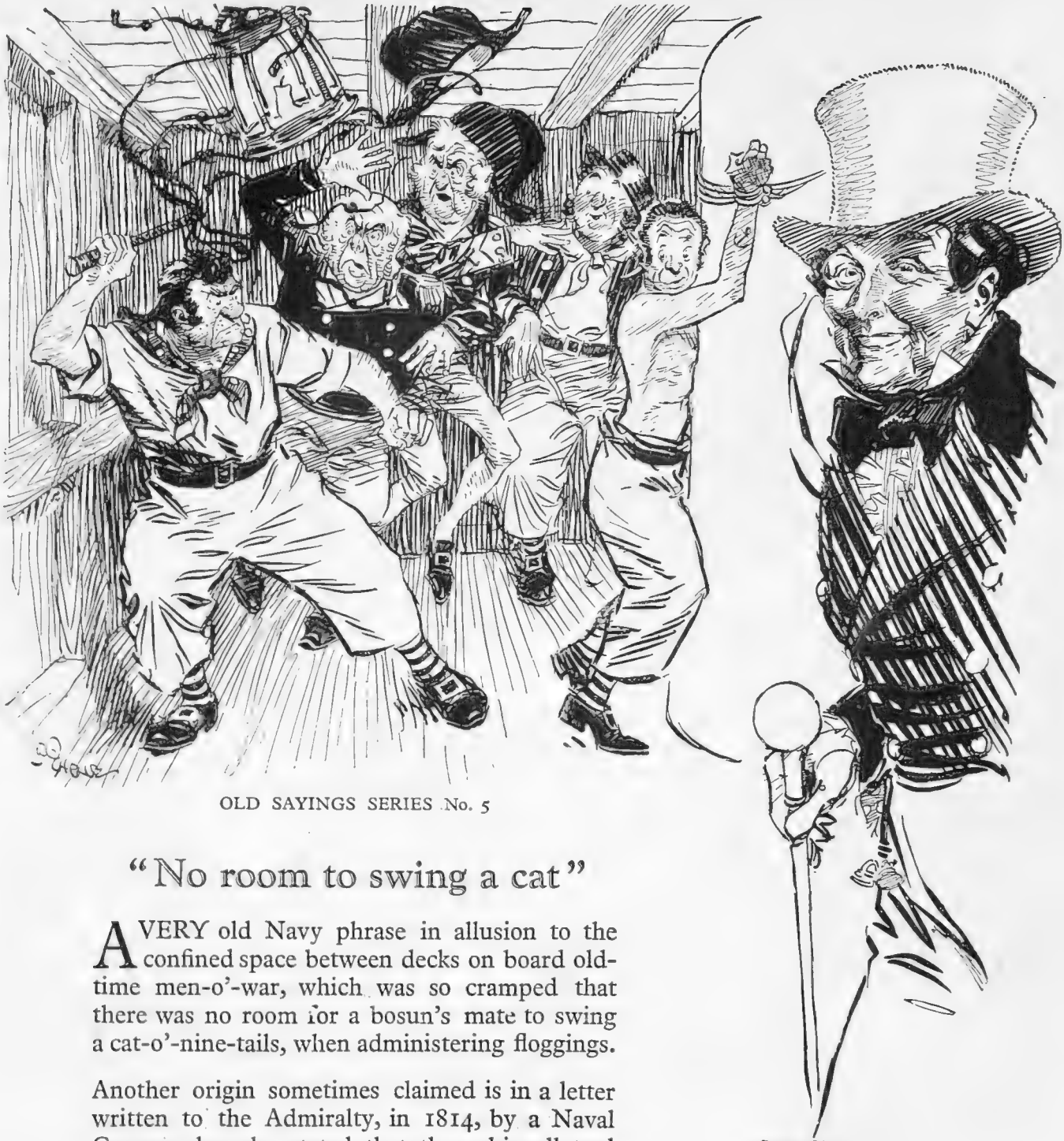
This month polo of a delightful character has been played at the country clubs, notably Rugby, Cheltenham, Minehead and Cirencester, while after the races at Deauville many keen matches have been decided. The really big stuff, however, comes in the American tournaments which begin at Rumson on the 28th inst. and end at Meadow Brook with a clash of champions. This will be the chief competition of the year in the United States. I understand that if the Argentine team do well in the Open Championship they will challenge the Big Four of America for a final trial of strength. The team from Buenos Aires is to include Mr. C. N. Land, who was hopeful of playing in England during the past London season. At the last moment, however, he found himself unable to leave the River Plate. I am told that he is a particularly good player, worthy of his handicap of 8 points. His inclusion in the Argentine team will make it a particularly formidable combination. Its other members will be Mr. Jack Nelson, Mr. Manuel Andrada, and Mr. Lewis Lacey.

Rising Talent

I was considerably impressed with Capt. Rodes's work in this country. I marked him down as a player who was likely to develop into one of the real international type. I think Mr. Milburn is of the same opinion. The fourth member of his team is Mr. J. Watson Webb, who covered himself with glory when he helped to regain the International Cup at Hurlingham. Since that time the player in question has been put back one point in the handicap of the U.S. Polo Association, but he remains a great force in the game, and is much the best left-handed player in the world. Mr. "Laddie" Sanford hopes to do better with his team of Hurricanes than was the case in the London season. In every important tournament at the London clubs this side was "knocking on the door," but on the whole their record was disappointing. Major Jack Harrison, whose reputation in the game stands as high this year as ever it did, is unable to go to America, but Mr. Sanford has enlisted the services of an efficient substitute in Major Vivian Lockett, who knows more about polo in America than the majority of Englishmen.

English Players

He it was who led Lord Wimborne's team of 1914 to a great victory. Several times in big matches this year he has shown that he has lost little of his pace and dash. The other members of the Hurricanes are Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge. The former was in great form at Meadow Brook last year, and is looked on as a certain starter in future international games. It is all in his favour that he has had the use of the pick of Mr. Sanford's superb stud of ponies. Yet another strong side competing in the American championships is that run by Mr. F. H. Prince under the title of Princemere. It will include Lord Wodehouse and Col. P. K. Wise, both of whom did well in London polo this year. Mr. Harry East will complete this well-balanced combination. Mr. T. Hitchcock is to play for the Orange County four and Mr. Malcolm Stevenson for Roslyn. No wonder that polo enthusiasts in the States are awaiting the coming clash with immense interest.



OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 5

"No room to swing a cat"

A VERY old Navy phrase in allusion to the confined space between decks on board old-time men-o'-war, which was so cramped that there was no room for a bosun's mate to swing a cat-o'-nine-tails, when administering floggings.

Another origin sometimes claimed is in a letter written to the Admiralty, in 1814, by a Naval Commander who stated that the cabin allotted to him "under the poop deck 'midships is so confined that there is not space enough to swing a cott." The cott was a bed-frame suspended from the beams.

Born 1820——
Still going Strong!

The most popular saying to-day is
"Johnnie Walker, please!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

IF there is one thing about a book of travel which should be demanded by every intelligent reader, it is that the traveller should insist throughout on his or her own personality. A book of travel and a guide-book are two very different things. At the present moment, I find, a great many good guide-books are appearing, disguised as records of travel, but only a very few good books of travel. I think immediately of the work of Norman Douglas, Aldous Huxley, "Ganpat," and the Gordons, and now I would add to their number Miss Etta Close.

For her *Excursions and Some Adventures* (Constable: 12s. net) is a gem of a book. It is the sort of book which makes you want to be introduced to the writer, and get her to talk to you quietly in a corner. It is a book which will amuse and intrigue you even if you have never felt the smallest inclination to venture further abroad than Brighton or Bournemouth. And it is not as if Miss Close had specialised in improbable places like the South Pole, or Iceland, or the top of Mount Everest. She might take these delectable spots, as it were, in her stride, but they would only be three places out of a hundred, and Miss Close's adventures there would be different from anybody else's. No, the secret of her book's peculiar charm is not geographical but biographical. It is the people in her excursions and adventures that are so entertaining.

And in particular there is "Mother." She was a great lady, a very great lady indeed. On occasions she could put her foot down as a foot *ought* to be put down. She was dauntless, and in what are known as difficult situations she was superb. So, too, was her daughter, no matter whether she was attempting to make light of the complete loss of her family in Norway, experiencing "le sport" in provincial France, meeting real sheiks in Morocco, living up to a totally false reputation as a lion-huntress in Spain, or doing nothing in particular in Montenegro, or Sweden, or Japan.

There is not a dull page in the book. There is not a moment when you find yourself wishing that the writer would hurry on a little and come to something rather more exciting. Even when nothing at all seems to be happening, you will probably be chuckling at some little phrase or personal vignette. The truth is, of course, that at all times Miss Close is the best of good company. She would have been the best of good company, I cannot help thinking, had she never travelled ten yards from her native village. As it is, she has the most delightful material to work on, and this, combined with the sort of humour which is sometimes colloquially called "killing," has made of the book a first-class entertainment.

I HAVE been reading a first novel which, in spite of an old-fashioned, almost out-of-date, atmosphere, augurs well for its writer's future. The book is *Mareeya* (Heffers: 7s. 6d. net), and the writer Miss Esther Tait-Reid. As a study of a particular type of young women, *Mareeya* may be judged by high standards. In a particularly skilful way Miss Tait-Reid contrasts the mercurial Russian temperament—as shown in Maria Pavlovski—with the reserved and diffident outlook of a New Zealand girl.

These two make friends at Cambridge, and they would have become sisters-in-law but for the British girl's mother. The time has gone by, one would have thought, when mothers "forbid" their sons to marry, but Mrs. Fleming's position is understandable, and she *is* the sort of woman who in the circumstances would have felt bound to play heavy mother. Unfortunately her action leads to tragedy

It is not perhaps the story itself which gives to the novel its chief appeal. It is the care with which Miss Tait-Reid has etched in her people. Mareeya herself is vividly real—a portrait which remains in the memory. So is the "nice" Alix. Her mother and brother are excellent, and even Mr. Derwent, for all his absurd chatter, is not too much of a caricature of the really brave man. While, then, I could have wished that the "plot" had been stronger, I feel that the book may be safely recommended as a study of some interesting and unusual folk.

MR. THOMAS ROHAN, you may remember, was the original of *Quinney's*, but he was also the author of *Confessions of a Dealer*, which had much to recommend it. That book now has its successor in *Old Beautiful* (Mills & Boon: 10s. 6d. net), which is just the same delightful *pot-pourri* as was the earlier volume. Here personal reminiscence and instruction are skilfully blended.

Most of us collect something or other, and Mr. Rohan, writing as an expert who has not lost his interest in the human side of affairs, has all sorts of odd things to say of old glass and silhouettes and furniture, and half a dozen other collectable objects. At one moment he will be making you smile at the absurd story of the faked glass, at another he will be hinting that a big purse is not necessary for the acquisition of fine things. He is wise and persuasive and sometimes a little stern—how pleasant to hear a dealer expressing his dislike of the "ring"!—but always gracious and kindly. His publishers have been lavish with illustrations, and altogether it is a charming book.

I HAVE been interested in Miss Mary Raphael's *Romance of English Almshouses* (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net). One sees these quaint, and sometimes very beautiful, places scattered over the country, but who knows anything about them or their history? The writer does not pretend to have exhausted her subject, but she has written a charming book, which she and her publishers between them have provided with a host of delightful illustrations.

BY J. C. B. KNIGHT

BAD NEWS FROM THE FRONT

NURSEMAID: "I don't know why they call this the Marine Parade! I 'aven't seen so much as one uniform the 'ole afternoon!"

An Attractive Idea for Gents' Wear

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Do you realise that the equinoctial gales will soon be blowing in upon us? If so, do not forget to buy one of the new patent adjustable, magnetic hat guards, for use with any style and size of hat

The quickest & safest way to learn to swim

GET a 'Macintosh' SwimmingRing. 10/6 each. Every adult and child should have one for the seaside holiday. Your dealer sells it or can easily get one for you. You can't sink, and you will soon learn to swim with a Macintosh Swimming Ring round your neck.

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C.F.H.

FEMINA

"TO THE SHOP"

By MRS. M. VINCE

A POET once wrote that his heart leapt when he saw a single railway line, for he knew then that he was far from towns and really in the country.

It is the same when you find that a village has only one shop—one shop satisfying all needs. You know then that the village is really a village. You are in old, rural England. I know, of course, that there are many villages which have more than one shop; and they are still villages. But you can no longer be sure of them. Returning to them what changes may you not find? For once the one shop has become two, the great change has began. The line between rural and urban has been crossed. The first step has been taken citywards

EVERYONE knows and loves those shops. Up and down England, in their essentials, they are all the same—the same little windows, the same bell tinkling above the door; the same crowded floors and walls and ceilings; the same deep, satisfying, indescribable smell, in which groceries predominate. That smell is as much a part of the English countryside as the smell of clover or of new-cut hay; and the slow people who move and serve in the midst of that rich confusion might all be of the same family.

BUT I have only once seen this single blessedness of the village shop on a sign. It was not in England, but in Sweden, on the shores of that great inland sea, Lake Venern. From the verandah of the hotel where we had lunch—finishing with a great bowl of wild strawberries and thick cream—one could see the lake through the trees, and the road going down to it between two fields of rye

We went down that road, and on a tree standing at the corner of one of the fields we found the sign—a black hand pointing, and above it "Til Handelboden," "To the Shop."

ON another tree close by another notice said that both cars and motor cycles were forbidden to go by that road. When there is only the one shop you can treat people in that way. No need for all the over-anxious courtesies and allurements of the shop in town—window waxworks, and electric newspapers, and latest cricket scores put up. There was nothing but those two signs, one telling you that here was the shop, the other that if you wanted to go to it you must go on foot.

SO we turned the corner of the rye-field and found this unique, this austere place. There it stood, an apricot-coloured building, with a pink tiled roof, and deep eaves. It stood right under the high bank of the field so that the rye was waving at the height of its chimney, and from the path along the field's edge a bridge led straight into the loft. We walked round that apricot house. A single shop has no need of window-dressing, but I have never seen even a village shop so indifferent to the exterior advantages of windows—and this shop had six of them. In one there were some shoes, but it was noticeable that one saw only their backs. They were displaying themselves, not to the passer-by, but to the customer within. A row of shining thermos flasks in another, and two or three pots and pans in a third, said, without any display and as briefly as may be, that this *was* the shop. So much concession was made to the convenience of the anxious customer. Otherwise he might have wandered past into the fields again. There was no sign or name above the door.

WITHIN there was no doubt that it was of the great family of single shops, a foreign cousin, but one of the family—the same crowded walls, and the ceiling hung with rows of pails and china jugs. But it was lighter (no English village shop has more than two windows), more spacious, more austere, inside as well as out, and, I thought, more orderly. One missed the magnificent piled confusion of the English shop. As the eye travelled round the walls it seemed to pass from department to department. One missed the brighter colours of the English shop—the tins of biscuits, the jars of boiled sweets, the toys. One missed the predominance of grocery. No one could ever doubt of the village shopkeeper in England that if he fell from his high estate as the provider for all human needs and became a mere specialist, he would specialise in grocery. But of this Swedish shopkeeper one could not be certain if it would be china or hardware, or even drapery. Yet, as was right, it was food that was the body and substance of the smell of that shop—a different smell from ours, but a smell of food. Not hams and cheeses met the nose as one entered, but herrings in brine. A great cask of them stood by the door. What looked like an enormous pair of iron asparagus tongs lay on top for lifting them out. Above was a shelf of smoked salmon.

THOUGH one missed certain things, I have no doubt that everything was there—somewhere. One had but to ask. For on the back wall were rows and rows of small deep drawers like the drawers in our chemists' shops. Here would be all the rest. I should have liked to look inside each one of them, but that would have been more than a mere purchaser of picture postcards had a right to ask. I am, I say, certain that everything was there. The variety might be of a different sort, but it was just as various. Over one counter was suspended a brand new bicycle. In a corner above the walking-sticks hung a funeral wreath.

YOU remember the story of the three tailors in one street of whom the first had over his shop "the finest tailor in this town," and the second "the finest tailor in the world," and the third simply "the finest tailor in this street"? I thought of that third tailor as I went out and again passed the sign on the tree, "To the Shop."

Hay Wrightson

LADY ALICE KATHLEEN STANLEY

The eldest daughter of the Marquess of Bath, whose marriage to the Hon. Oliver Hugh Stanley took place in 1919. Her husband, who is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the R.H.A., served throughout the war winning the D.S.O. and two bars and the Croix de Guerre

MISS FAY COURTNEY

Whose singing is one of the attractive features of the Cabaret at New Princes. Miss Courtney, who is a great success, specialises in character songs

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

INFORMATORY RE-DOUBLE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

IF the Informatory Double is misused and misunderstood there is still greater misunderstanding about the informatory re-double. Some players who have adopted the American doubles have not yet realised the power and importance which are possessed by the re-double.

But if you use these doubles at all—and Heaven knows I have wished often that they had never been invented—you must go the whole hog. The re-double is an integral part of the system, and if you don't use it or don't understand its use when played by your opponents, you are likely to get into serious trouble.

. . . . .

There are several kinds of informatory re-doubles. The most common is what I call the comforting or reassuring re-double. It tells you that you can pursue with safety your bid if the opponents switch. Thus Z bids one No Trump, A doubles and Y re-doubles. The re-double tells Z that Y likes the No Trumper and that he need not fear to re-bid it if necessary. That is a very simple and easily understood re-double, but it is not used nearly so frequently as it should be. The ordinary procedure is for Y to sit tight even when he likes the double, because he knows that B will have to take-out and give him and his partner the opportunity of a second call or a business double.

There are points about the silence when Y holds such a phenomenally good hand that he can make a business double of any adverse two bid with a certainty of big penalties. But these occasions are comparatively rare and can be left to take care of themselves. More frequently it occurs that Y has quite good support for a No Trumper and only hopes that the bid will be left in. His best course is then to re-double or bid "Two No Trumps." The advantage of the re-double is that it does not increase the bid. The disadvantage of the re-double is that it still enables the adversaries to get out of the re-double with any two bids.

. . . . .

Which course is to be preferred must depend upon the nature of the hand. With good all-round support for a No Trumper I advocate strongly the re-double. With a hand containing a long minor suit and no strength in the majors I believe in bidding at once two No Trumps.

The policy of silence with a good hand I do not consider produces the best results. If Z's No Trumper is doubled and Y is silent, Z is left in doubt as to whether Y has a good hand or what the Americans call "a bust." It is true Y may have a second bid. But that may not be nearly so useful as if he had got in his bid before fourth hand speaks.

The re-double properly used in this position is an enormously powerful weapon and always productive of good results. It is of vast assistance to the original declarer and a terror to the adversaries.

. . . . .

Then there is what I call the S.O.S. re-double. It should be used by the Declarer when his suit has been doubled and he cannot stand the double at any price. It says to his partner: "You must extricate me somehow from the bid I have made as I cannot stand the double." This re-double is very necessary when the declarer has made a weak call and the partner of the doubler has not taken out the double as anticipated, but has made a "business pass."

Here is an example from play where, the double being left in, the declarer did not use this weapon because he did not understand it. Z dealt and bid "One Diamond" on —S.—7, 6, 4. H.—10, 6, 5. D.—A, K, 3, 2. C.—K, 4, 2. — a weak bid but justifiable on the two-quick-trick-system. A doubled. Y and B said "No bid" and the game was played in "One Diamond"!

B held S.—3, 2. H.—7. D.—Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4. C.—6, 3. Z made only three tricks losing 400 points on a bid of "One Diamond"!

Now if Z had understood his business he would have re-doubled. This would have compelled Y to speak. Y held five Hearts to the Queen, Jack and in this bid he would only at the worst have been down two tricks.

SHOWS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE YOUNG IDEA

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE will be biggish Dog Shows at Chester to-day and at Brighton next Wednesday. In addition to the biggest event of all, the Kennel Club's sixty-fifth annual show at the Crystal Palace, on its two last days, September will bring dozens of others in different parts of the country, with the last of the sheepdog trials, and quite a crop of Thames Valley shows, including those of Maidenhead, Reading and Thame.

Though the Griffon is called the national Dog of Belgium (which is rather pointedly to overlook the claims of that country's fine and well-cared-for draught-Dogs), it is interesting to note that at recent Belgian shows various other small breeds have received more attention, including, notably, the King Charles Spaniel. At the most successful of the Continental shows, especially in Germany, but also in France and Switzerland, the programme and business are equally divided between Sporting and Toy Dogs for the one part, and Dogs for work, defence, patrol, guard, police duty, etc., for the other. And it is found (as it undoubtedly would be found in this country) that the competitions in different forms of Dog service are a most popular attraction.

A correspondent writes at portentous length to "The Kennelman" on the subject of his legal liability for damage caused by his Dog. "The Kennelman" is no lawyer (if he were, the length of this correspondent's letter would be remembered in his bill), but he has no hesitation in saying that British legal practice in this connection is based on British common sense and sportsmanship. Granted that your Dog is generally well-conducted, but that, as the result of sudden fright, accidental absent-mindedness, or the like, he causes a street accident, you, as owner of the Dog, will not be held liable for resultant damages. But, very clearly and properly, if it can be shown that you had cause to know your Dog was afflicted with a passion for rushing out to yelp at the heels of cyclists, for example, then, if by so doing he causes an accident, this will be held to prove "scienter," and you will be liable for damage done. The plain moral is that nobody is justified in keeping a Dog, or any other animal, in such a manner as to permit of its being a nuisance or a danger to the public. If you find yourself incapable of educating your Dog out of any homicidal tendencies he may develop, transfer him to other and more capable hands, or give him his passport to happier hunting grounds by a painless route—this as much in justice to Dogdom generally as in your own interests. Be it said, in reply to another enquiry of legal flavour, that the act of exposing poisoned food of any kind upon open ground is itself illegal. The penalty may be anything up to £10. Quite apart from this, the person who thus exposes poison may certainly be held liable for any resultant damage or loss. Anyone proved guilty of laying poison for Hounds or Dogs ought to be subject to nothing less than boiling in oil, and is, in fact, liable, first, to a £10 penalty for exposing the poison, and then to damages according to the value of the Dog killed, or other injury caused—also, it may be, to a sound ducking or horsewhipping, as occasion may offer.

The plain truth is that, without any quibbling over liability, every keeper of Dogs should honourably recognise as clear a responsibility as where any human member of his family is concerned. Your Dog's conduct, just as surely as your children's, reflects your own care and upbringing, and is as much your affair. The well-bred Dog's predisposition toward decency is as well-defined as that of the average public schoolboy; but in neither case does breeding end with birth. Getting rid of a troublesome Dog is less expensive than making a "remittance man," and is generally equally unnecessary. It's the upbringing part of breeding that tells, where conduct's concerned.

"Use a petrol that vaporises readily"

"The point is, sir," says the Garage Manager, "that the fuel you are using does not vaporise quickly enough. You are in consequence damaging your batteries. Easy starting is the simplest thing in the world. Use a pure petrol that vaporises readily even on cold mornings. 'BP' will make all the difference. I recommend you to try it."

"BP"

The British Petrol

When motoring in France ask for "'BP' Essence Energic," in Belgium for "BP" Motor Spirit, and you can rely upon obtaining "BP" quality.

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MOTOR NOTES

A WARWICKSHIRE SETTING

A 12/35 h.p. Swift five-seater photographed outside the grounds of Walton Hall. This is the Warwickshire home of Lady Mordaunt

CONSIDERABLE interest is being taken now in alternative schemes for motor car taxation. The authorities have stated that they are favourably considering the question of a fuel tax as against the present horse-power tax. Experts have been doing wonderful calculations on the one side to prove that a fuel tax is quite feasible, and on the other side that it is practically impossible. The discussion which is taking place, however, is producing many valuable figures, of which, no doubt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will avail himself when the time comes.

* * *

A NEW six-cylinder Armstrong Siddeley has recently been introduced under the name of "The Long Eighteen." While the design generally follows Armstrong Siddeley practice, the carrying capacity of this new model has been materially increased by the enlargement of the track to 4ft. 8in., and increase of the wheelbase to 10ft. 9in., as compared with the old "Standard Eighteen." The result is that the closed models accommodate six or seven people in comfort. There is ample head, leg, and elbow room in the rear compartment, ease of access to any seat through four wide doors, and splendid wide-angle views through extensive windows.

* * *

THE annual Italian mountain climb from Cuneo to the top of the Col de la Madeleine, a distance of nearly 42 miles, finishing at an altitude of 4,767 feet, met with more than usual success this year with thirty-six competitors in the various classes. Several records were broken and established, the fastest time of the day being made by a Diatto, which averaged a fraction under 50 m.p.h. for the full distance. In the 1,100 c.c. class the first five places were secured by the new 7 h.p. Fiat, while in the 1,500 c.c. class the first four places were taken by Ceirano cars.

AT the time of writing thirty-five entries have been received for the Junior Car Club's Sixth International 200 Miles Race, which is to take place at Brooklands motor track, Weybridge, on Saturday, September 25. A most ingenious course has been planned for this year, incorporating a very fast "S" bend at the top of the finishing straight, which can be negotiated by a skilful driver at something like 80 m.p.h. Among the entries one finds all the cars which competed in the recent Grand Prix, with the exception of the three Delages, but there is good reason to believe that this team will be entered before the final closing date.

* * *

THE annual International Motor Exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders will be held at Olympia this year from October 22 to 30. Thursday, the 21st, is reserved as usual for private view day, and in the evening the annual banquet of the Society will be held. H.M. the King has again been pleased to accord his patronage to the Exhibition. Two of the outstanding features of this year's Exhibition will be a number of medium-sized six

(*Continued on page 456*)

"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"

A reproduction of Messrs. Schweppes' famous poster advertising their popular Lemon Squash.

ROYAL SOCIETY CIGARETTE COMPETITION

25 Solid Gold Cigarette Cases

given away each month

This is the first of a series of competitions for which each month 25 Solid Gold Cigarette Cases will be offered as prizes

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

LOOK at these twelve silhouettes. They show people in ordinary every-day attitudes. Some are shown working, others indulging in some form of recreation.

In every case some little part of the picture has been omitted—some essential object is left out that would make the attitude of the figure perfectly clear.

No. 12, for instance, is a man shooting. If the gun were shown you would recognise what he is doing at once.

Now try to find what the other eleven people are doing.

25 Solid Gold Cigarette Cases (ladies' or gentlemen's) are offered as prizes.

RULES

Write on a sheet of paper the numbers 1 to 12 and against each number write what you think the man is doing. Put your name and address at the foot of the sheet and address it to "Royal Society Cigarette Competition, 175 Piccadilly, London, W." You may send in as many entries as you please, provided each is accompanied by one of the price slips you will find in the Twenty packets, or in the 50 and 100 tins.

All entries must be received not later than September 30, 1926.

A Gold Cigarette Case will be awarded to each of the 25 competitors who send in correct solutions. Should more than 25 correct solutions be received the sum of £200 will be equally divided between the successful competitors. Should less than 25 correct solutions be received cigarette cases will be awarded to the senders of these, and the value of the undistributed cases will be divided equally among those next in order of merit.

The decision of the manufacturers of Royal Society Cigarettes must be accepted as final. No correspondence can be entered into. Proof of postage cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. Names and addresses of the prize-winners will be furnished on application.

Solutions to be sent to Royal Society Cigarette Competition, 175 Piccadilly, London, W.

Royal Society

VIRGINIA DE LUXE

CIGARETTES

Sold by all tobacconists

20 for 1/-

cylinder cars and a development of the 7 h.p. field.

***

THE motor car of the present day is wonderfully reliable, but in most cases owners would get better results if they acquired a better understanding of the construction and operation of the various parts of the car. An excellent method of securing this end is to make a study of the "Autocar Handbook," of which a new and revised edition has just been published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd., Dorset House, London, E.C.4, price 2s. 6d. net or 2s. 10d. by post. The new edition has been re-written and brought up to date and much new material has been embodied.

***

THERE is peace once more in the motor cycling world. The Auto-Cycle Union and the Motor Cycling Club have composed their differences regarding the control of competitions, and by a tactful alteration of the rules the M.C.C. will now be able to run their very popular competitions without treading on the toes of the A.C.U.

***

ONE of the latest purchasers of a Wolseley is the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has recently taken delivery of a 24/55 h.p. six-cylinder landaulette. It is interesting to note that this is Mr. Churchill's third Wolseley car.

***

THERE appears to be a growing practice for unauthorised persons to give signals to approaching traffic at cross-roads and corners. While these signals are, in the majority of cases, given with the best intentions, they are frequently given by persons who are not experienced in relative speeds, and in such a fashion that they are not easily understood. The R.A.C. desires to draw attention to the danger of paying heed to any such signals, and suggests that where they are given drivers should simply regard them as an indication that there is something ahead which demands extra care.

A POWERFUL MODEL

Cedric Sharp the celebrated 'cellist, with his 17/75 h.p. 6-cyl. Darracq Weymann saloon. This was recently supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street, W

THE next open meeting of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club will take place on Saturday, September 11, when there will be the usual series of short and long handicaps.

***

A 9/20 h.p. four-seater Rover is at present taking part in a trial officially observed by the R.A.C., between Edinburgh and Monte Carlo. The British section will be covered at 20 m.p.h., but in France a normal touring speed will be maintained, probably between 25 and 30 m.p.h. Careful record is being kept of the consumption of fuel and oil, and the average consumption will demonstrate what effect, if any, speed has upon economy.

***

AN interesting experiment was worked out on the downs behind Peacehaven, where the Territorial Artillery Brigades had their first summer camp. The 65th Brigade adopted mechanical haulage, and their efficiency in comparison with the horse-drawn brigades was closely observed. From the moment when 18 Fordson tractors were attached to the twelve 18-pounders and four 4.5 howitzers at Woolwich down to the breaking up of camp, the superiority of mechanicalisation was most marked.

G. C. STEAD.

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Telegrams "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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THE EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE AND PICTURESQUE SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

"LATCHMOOR,"

BROCKENHURST, HANTS.

In beautiful position, commanding magnificent views, approached by drive with gate-house entrance, and containing lounge hall, 2 large reception rooms, loggia, 5 bed rooms, bath room and complete domestic offices.

Artistic fitments. Central heating. Petrol gas. Company's water.

Very fine hunting stables. Quaint gate-house lodge, garage for 3 or 4 cars, farmery grounds, tennis lawn and paddock, in all about 3¼ ACRES.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Hampton & Sons will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on TUESDAY, the 5th October, 1926, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. Bartlett and Large, 61, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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Ten mins. from the Lovely Common with its Golf Course.

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MEDIUM-SIZED AND PLEASANTLY-PLACED MODERN HOUSE, practically on 2 floors. Hall, 3 nice reception rooms, 6 bed rooms, bath room, and good offices. Garage. Tiled verandah.

Company's water. Gas and electric light.
Main drainage. Telephone. S.E. aspect.

Secluded matured grounds with tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shady walks, in all nearly 2 ACRES.

Personally inspected and recommended by the Owner's Sole Agents:
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MIDDLESEX, HERTS, AND BUCKS BORDERS.

In a unique position with gardens girt by river and canal; easy reach of 7 golf courses, boating, fishing, hunting.

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AN OLD-WORLD FREEHOLD RESIDENCE with unusual attractions, approached private road and enjoying rural and quiet situation. Containing halls, oak-panelled dining room and 2 other reception rooms, oaken stairway, 9 bed rooms, dressing room, 2 baths and offices.

Old garden house. Stabling. Man's room.

Delightful river and waterside gardens and meadow land of over 2½ ACRES. Also old Tudor Cottage in grounds of about 2 ACRES.

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To be SOLD by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, 21st September, 1926, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately) in one or two lots.

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Shampoo	2	0
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BETTER-BUILT BUILDINGS

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THAMES SIDE, READING.

ORIGINAL MILANESE SILK JUMPER SUIT

PRACTICAL Milanese Jumper Suit (*as sketch*) specially designed for Marshall & Snelgrove, for autumn wear, with fancy belt and pocket in Lizard effect, finished tassel. In beige, sunburn, ashes of roses, fuchsia, wine, marine, new rose, new blue, mulberry, café au lait, black.

PRICE

7 Gns.

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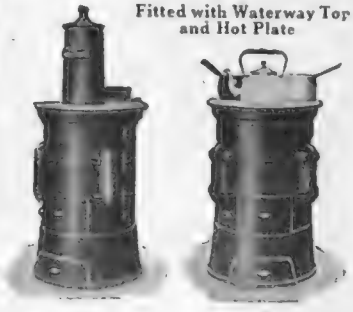
Stations—Hurstbourne (S.R.), 1½ miles, and Andover Junction, 5 miles.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, known as "Diplands," containing 4 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, with stabling, garage, kitchen garden, gardener's cottage and two commodious paddocks, the whole comprising about 4½ acres.—For particulars apply Lamb & Son, Solicitors, Andover.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating, and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler,	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal. ft.	Tapping,	Diam. of Smoke Pipe.	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe.
No. 4 16in. × 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. × 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. × 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. × 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8
,, 5 ,,	12	× 48	× 8
,, 6 ,,	12	× 56	× 8
,, 7 ,,	12	× 64	× 8

GARAGE.

	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
,, 5 ,,	40	× 40	× 10
,, 6 ,,	40	× 45	× 10
,, 7 ,,	45	× 45	× 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
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Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." — Estab. 1793. — *Telephone.* Ecclesfield 71 & 72.

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(30 minutes from City.)

Pleasant position on high ground with open outlook.

PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE. Hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices.

Company's water and gas; main drainage; telephone; extensive range of stabling; double garage.

Charming old garden with tennis lawn, large vinery, etc., in all

ABOUT ONE ACRE.

PRICE FREEHOLD, £3,200.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

£2,250.

GUILDFORD.

High up on Pewley Downs.

WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath; electric light, central heating; telephone.

Main drainage. Garage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS of ¾ ACRE.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

SURREY. NEAR FARNHAM.

View of the Hog's Back. Convenient for well-known Golf Links.

ONLY £3,250.

CAPITAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing well back from road. Seven bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, with parquet floors, offices.

Electric light. Gas and water. Modern drainage. Garage.

ABOUT AN ACRE.

Well-timbered grounds, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended by Agents:

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

COUNTRY HOUSE.

WITHIN FOUR MILES OF CHARING CROSS.

IDEAL AND INEXPENSIVE HOME FOR BUSINESS MAN, beautifully fitted, occupying an open position, short distance of shops, etc.

Square hall, 3 reception, billiard room, loggia, with verandah and conservatory 6 bed and dressing rooms, good offices.

Company's electric light, gas and water; main drainage; telephone; heated garage washing yard; outbuildings.

ARTISTIC PLEASURE GARDEN, well laid out, and in splendid order; tennis lawn, pergolas, rockeries, kitchen garden; in all

ABOUT HALF-ACRE.

Inspected and recommended. Sole Agents:

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

LEITH HILL.

Amids: Pines and Open Commons.

EXCEPTIONALLY PLACED COTTAGE RESIDENCE, appealing very strongly to Authors, Artists, or those seeking something quite out of the ordinary.

700ft. above sea level. Gravel soil.

Spacious lounge, 20ft. × 18ft., 4 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, offices.

Good water.

Small but delightful garden. Terrace all ablaze with flowers, shrubs and fruit trees.

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£2,500.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS.

Under 30 miles of Town.

Amidst picturesque surroundings, near station, and with hunting and golf in the district.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in splendid order throughout, and well built. Hall, 3 reception, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bath-dressing room, maids' offices.

Excellent water supply; modern drainage; garage; stabling; outbuildings.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GARDENS,

well kept and timbered, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, fruit trees, ornamental lawns, etc., in all nearly

ONE AND A HALF ACRES.

Sole Agents, G. E. SWORDER and SONS, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

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THE "GORDON."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest superfine quality Felt Hat. Very light in weight, beautifully finished throughout absolutely weatherproof. The brim is just the right width, slightly turned up at back, with crown in proportion in fact, a **Robert Heath Hat of Distinction.** In all head sizes and these newest colours: Drab, Beech, Rosewood, Pumice, New Sand, Sable and Black. Price 37/6

ROBERT HEATH

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ONLY ADDRESS

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

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GUARANTEED BY THE SYNDICATE OF PRODUCERS OF GENUINE CHIANTI

PRICE LIST FREE.

TROWER & SONS

38, EASTCHEAP, LONDON

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

THE MAGIC DROP

A DROP of "Vapex" looks very small, but when placed on the handkerchief its effects are far-reaching. A single inhalation is sufficient to bathe all the complicated passages of nose and throat in an antiseptic atmosphere. "Vapex" grows stronger on exposure to air and it is, therefore, very economical in use.

All Chemists 2/- & 3/-

SOLE MAKERS:

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.,

Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

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"You won't lose anything this term

because I've marked everything with Cash's Names. When they come back from the laundry you are sure to get all your own garments because your name is on every one."

J. M. BARRIE

Style No. 9

School numbers and special marks can be obtained with name on same tape at a small extra cost.

Always Mark SCHOOL OUTFITS with

CASH'S NAMES

Woven on fine cambric tape in any of the following colours:—Red, Black, Green, Gold, Sky, Navy, or Mauve.

12 doz. (144 names) 5/- 6 doz. (72 names) 3/9 3 doz. (36 names) 2/9

Supplied at short notice by all drapers and outfitters.

Samples and full list of Styles free on application.

J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. P.9), COVENTRY.

SECRET OF SLIMNESS

Combined Bust Bodice, Corset and Hip Belt—supremely comfortable garment; the bones being detachable it can be washed like ordinary lingerie. Made in good quality tricot, white, pink and blue; may also be had in black, with or without back lacing; 6 detachable suspenders, 32/-, art silk Milanais, 42/-. Send size of waist, bust and hip. The above are only obtainable from the maker:—

MADAME LEE

The Leading Corsetiere.

CORSETS AND BRASSIERES

Your favourite pattern copied—also corsets cleaned and repaired. Every figure—slender, average or full—is provided for in the new corsetry by

MADAME LEE,

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Send for Price List

Miss NORA SWINBURNE, the popular actress, writes:—I have found that one is always safe in using Evan Williams Henna Shampoos; certainly no other shampoo gives such delightful glints and leaves the hair so bright and youthful.

ORDINARY for Dark Hair
CAMOMILE for Fair Hair

EVAN WILLIAMS Henna Shampoo

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS.

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

Of all Ironmongers, Chemists & Stores. Write for Booklet.

Bardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Why go Grey?

HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

Lit with pleasure!

Wills's

GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

10 for 6D.
20 for 1/-

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

W.D.&H.O.WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

W. 252

September's two aspects

The end of whatever summer we may have had; the beginning of a new school term.

Children's autumn and winter school underwear also has two aspects. Resistance to continuous hard wear, and protection from chill, irritation and restraint.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Thoroughly sound school equipment saves much anxiety, hence we advise the provision of Chilprufe Pure Wool. It is the sensible, scientific underwear of to-day. It is well designed, soft and shapely.

On first acquaintance, one might hesitate to apply to these charming garments the common adjective "durable." Yet, on the testimony of many customers who will use no other, it meets childhood and school conditions in a remarkable way. Finest virgin wool, beautifully knitted and treated by a secret process to withstand wash and wear.

Those making up winter outfits will find that our stock fills every want. Come now! - - you will find just the models your children need.

Write or Call for the NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GOOCHS Ltd

For Vogue and Value in Children's Clothes.

BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3.

However hard the rain may sweep across the moors, this fine Anderson Shooting Waterproof will resist its fiercest attacks. Easy enough not to impede his movements, strong enough to withstand the wear which a shooting coat must undergo, and smart enough to wear in town—it is the ideal coat for the sporting man—

Made in Double Texture Lightweight Fawn Indiana - - 75/-
Also in slightly heavier Double Texture Fawn Cashmere - 84/-

Both prices less 5% for cash with order.

A full list gladly sent free

Andersons'

Rubber Company, Ltd.

Indiarubber, Waterproof and Weatherproof Manufacturers

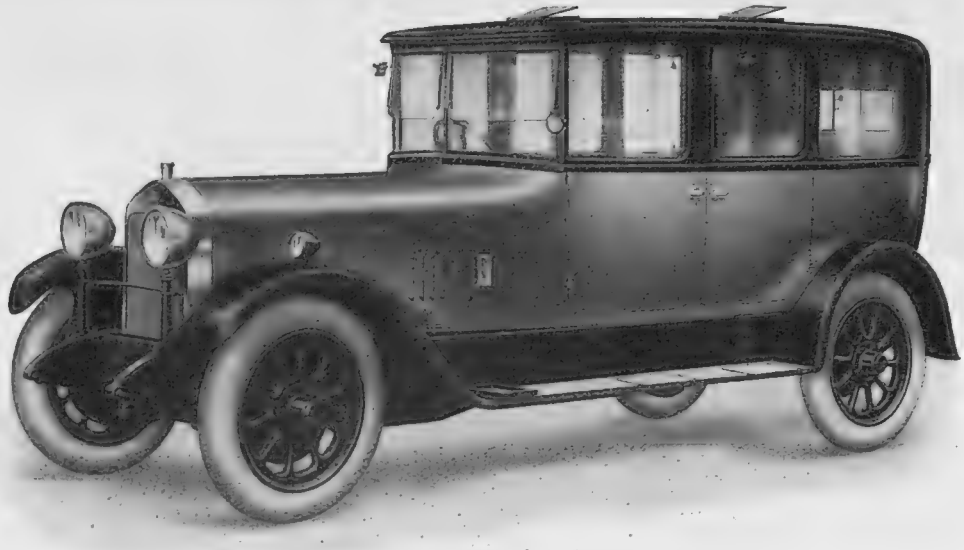
37, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4 — 58, 59, Charing Cross, S.W.1
16, New Bond Street, W.1 — 190, Sloane Street, S.W.1
9, 10 13, High Street and Mary-le-Port Street, Bristol.

Gazelda super Leather for Smart Hats

"New and very smart" is the all-admiring opinion on hats made of Gazelda. This material, soft as textile and rich as velvet, lends itself to the most becoming shapes, makes a hat unusually smart for all occasions, and is ideal for sport use. It is protective, light, hard-wearing, and rain-resisting. In a wide choice of shades. Leading hatters are using it for the new popular "tam" hats.

Gazelda REG. TRADE MARK

BCM/GAZELDA.



"The Work of Experts for the use of Connoisseurs"

The 24/55 h.p. Wolseley Saloon is a six-cylinder car of superb type, built up to the highest possible standard of motor design. It is produced by experts for the service of connoisseurs, and is very fast and powerful, giving an unvarying road performance few cars can equal.

Two additional folding seats are fitted, as shown in the illustration below, which fold very compactly at the sides when not in use. The partition between front and rear lets down when required. The interior is splendidly upholstered, and the finish and equipment are irreproachable. In every detail it is a luxury car of the highest class.

WOLSELEY

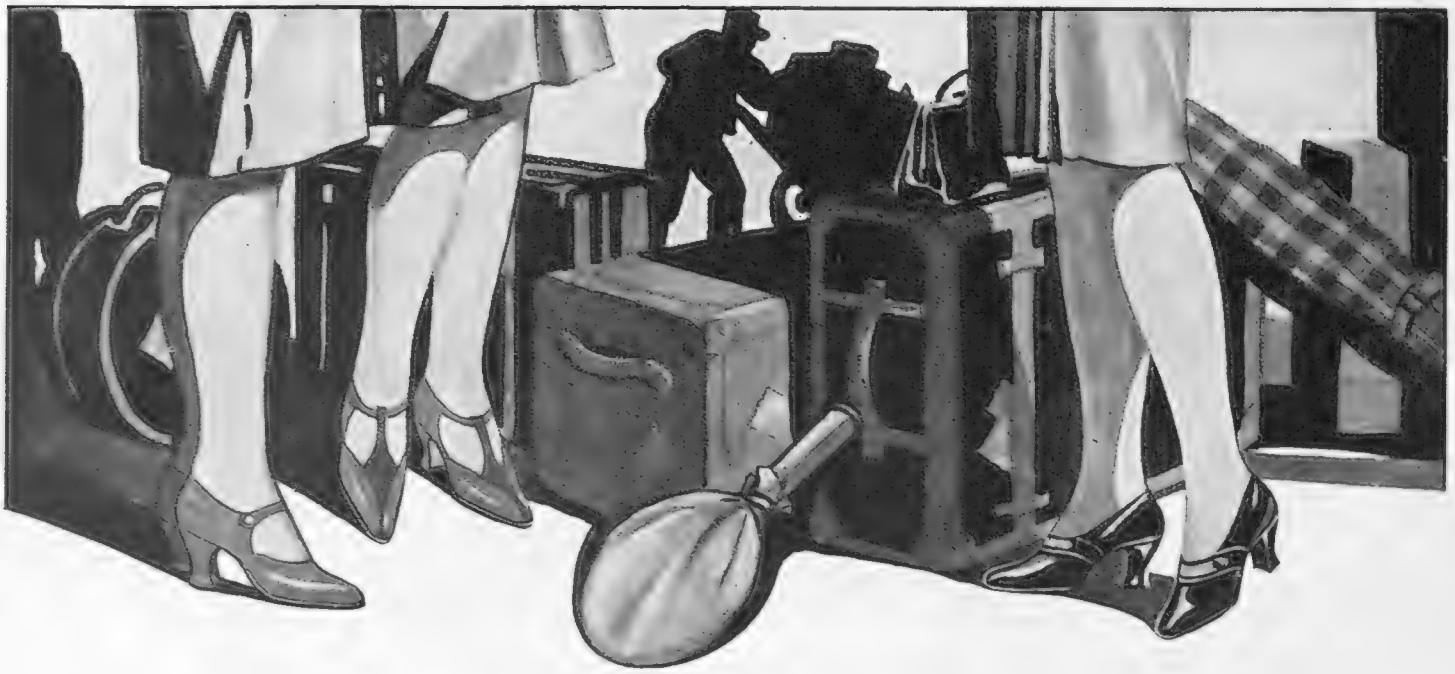
24/55 H.P.

SALOON LIMOUSINE.
SALOON LANDAULETTE.

Price
£1,300

TOURING CAR . . £985
LANDAULETTE . £1,200

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.
London: Petty France, Westminster, S.W.1.

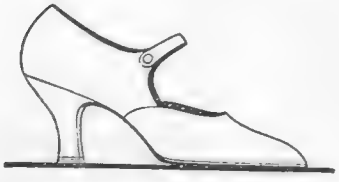


The Wilsons' Luggage

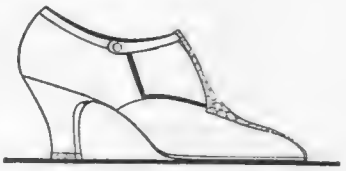
The Wilson girls are only going away for ten days, but they've taken enough luggage for a world tour! I couldn't resist photographing it when I saw them off; and in taking the photograph I got their legs and feet in too!

You know how smartly they're always turned out? I was particularly struck by their shoes and I find they always go to a Lotus shop for them. (So there's a tip!).

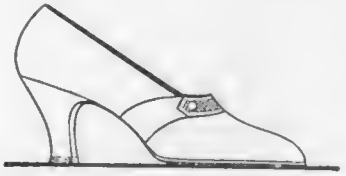
They were full of praise for the patent Koh-I-Noor snap fasteners the Lotus people have brought out this season. The scorn they poured on buttons was simply withering!



KITTY (*left*) is wearing DELTA 192. They're Beaver Glace and the price is 22/6.



JOAN'S are Tan Willow with a strip of crocodile down the front. LOTUS 845 at 32/6.



MILDRED (*right*) has DELTA 540. Patent, with a touch of Lizard in front. Price 22/6.

LOTUS & DELTA

Shoes for Ladies

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton — AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Boudoir Wrap

One of the manifold uses to which the present-day lightweight velvets can be put is that of a really comfortable and yet smart *negligée*. There is probably no more difficult garment to find, except at a high price, than an original practical boudoir wrap.

Something preferably not kimono is a quest continually being met, to which a reply is given in the original design by our artist, who depicts a model that embodies the fashionable adaptable sleeves, that can be worn hanging loose, the arms passed through a slit, or with the hands pushed through the cuffs. These sleeves, of course, are an outstanding feature, though a very close second in interest is the shirred taffetas decoration. This is of amber silk, shot with rose, and is employed in conjunction with a warm amber-coloured velvet, the taffetas reappearing in a tied girdle. The whole lined with amber chiffon over rose maintains the harmony and adds appreciably to the warmth.

FOR THE BOUDOIR

An attractive boudoir wrap of lightweight amber velvet with long adaptable sleeves. It is trimmed with bands of shirred taffetas in amber shot rose

Original design by Helen Havers

A Genuine Permanent Cure

Not once but many times have I had occasion to write of the Solray treatment for the removal of hirsute growth. And each time I am inspired to do so is the result of a still further investigation and a firmer conviction as to its efficiency. From those who have been wise enough to profit by it, there are sufficient testimonials to convince the most sceptical; sadly distressing cases some of them, that would never have been heard of, save for the gratitude these relieved sufferers gladly bestow on Solray.

The fact, too, that this remarkable discovery of a combination of light rays is painless and absolutely harmless, is no small matter. To delicate, sensitive skins the mere thought of having a few hairs removed is torture. And when a heavy growth has to be attacked many have hitherto suffered the disfigurement rather than undergo the pain.

No matter what other treatment has been tried without lasting success, the Solray Company are prepared to follow up. If an appointment is made with Miss Helen Craig, 123, New Bond Street, fuller particulars and details can be obtained without the slightest obligation. As the cure is for all time, the fee charged is distinctly moderate and reasonable in view of the cost of the treatment and its efficiency. It is indubitably worth it every time.

A Novel Three-tier Model

The trend for breaking up the length of the figure is not confined to the above-mentioned blouse movement; it is also to be found in both two- and three-tier effects, which serve to preserve the slim line that, after a comparatively short absence, has swung back into favour.

In a three-tier frock, however, there is just the subtle difference that makes for interest, as is revealed in the adjoined sketch. This, an evening gown of geranium-red *crêpe Romaine*, is handsomely and most artistically embroidered in silver and diamond bugles, deep fancy scallops lending a loose, easy movement both to skirt and corsage.

Chairs that Really Rest

The old saying about buying a pig in a poke is quite singularly applicable to easy chairs. Face value does not, or should not, serve where these are concerned. True, we can gauge the depth of the seat, the height of the backs, the comfortable poise of the arms; and many there are who are taken in by such surface matters. Whereas the whole crux of the story is hidden. It is this work beneath the cover that is largely responsible for the fame of the easy chairs produced by John Barker, of Kensington.

They stand unrivalled for comfort and soundness, resulting from a combination of the best workmanship with the very best materials, a fact all purchasers can prove for themselves, as a cordial invitation is extended to customers to visit the Barker factory during working hours—a fair and open offer that speaks for itself.

A THREE-TIER MODEL

A becoming dance frock in geranium-red *crepe Romaine* embroidered in silver and diamond bugles. The deep fancy scallops lend a loose, easy movement to skirt and corsage

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Three models of outstanding worth are the Renown, the Triumph, and the Invincible. The first is a full-sized chair of liberal proportions, the epitome of comfort, and its beautifully proportioned lines are a joy to the eye. A speciality of this is a double spring, a device in the construction that adds materially to the ease. Covered in an attractive high quality damask the price is £8 10s. Perfection for a smoke-room, library, or club is the Triumph, covered in best hide. The springs employed are rustless, and the frame is made of birch wood. A feather cushion, covered brown velvet, completing a most remarkable production at 10 guineas. Of similarly sound character is the Invincible chair, a model stuffed with curled fibre hair and covered in damask; the cost standing at 84s. In fact, every easy chair emanating from John Barker's carries the guarantee of honest work and good materials beneath the cover; essentials that ensure wear as well as

comfort and ease. For the convenience of their many clients who have to shop through the post, the firm have compiled an exhaustive illustrated catalogue dealing solely with chairs and couches; and this they are pleased to send to all on application, together with patterns of coverings. Nor can the fact be too strongly stressed that these pieces of furniture come direct from the manufacturer to the buyer at makers' prices, middle profits thus being eliminated.

Travellers in France

As so many conflicting rumours regarding the taxation of visitors to France are abroad, the following official statement from the French Office du Tourisme may be of interest to our readers. The cost of the Identity Card has been raised from 68 to 375 francs, but this card is only obtained after a two months' stay, and thus does not affect the tourist. The cost of the "laissez-passer" for motor cars has been increased from 2.50 francs to 10 francs per day. An increase of 30 per cent. has now been made in the price of passenger tickets in France, but the difference in the total fare is very slight for Continental travellers from Great Britain.

The Care of the Teeth

Nothing is more essential to general good health than sound teeth, and one of the surest ways to ensure firm, white teeth is by the use of Pepsodent. Based upon modern principles, it contains no soap, chalk, or hard substances to scratch the enamel. Of a pleasant flavour, it stimulates the flow of saliva, Nature's own tooth-protecting force. A sample tube containing enough paste to last for ten days can be obtained by sending a postcard to the Pepsodent Company, 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

A Well-earned Triumph

At the Nation's Health Exhibition, held in Leicester from May 26 to June 5 this year, a Gold Medal was presented to Messrs. Alfred Bird & Sons, Ltd., for the excellence of their products, which include the famous Bird's Custard Powder. This affords a striking tribute to the high standard of purity and excellence of all the products of this famous firm.

MISS MARIE BLANCHE

The well-known musical comedy star, who is the leading lady in the new George Robey revue, "Bits and Pieces," due at Golders Green next week. Miss Blanche has designed all the scenes and stage costumes

Following the Sun

For 161 days, from November 13 next to April 23, 1927, the "Empress of Scotland," the flagship of the Canadian Pacific Fleet, will be engaged in a leisurely pleasure cruise around the world in the wake of the sun. Visits will be paid to places of interest in twenty-two countries, including Madeira, Morocco, Italy, the Riviera, Egypt, Holy Land, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Batavia, Sumatra, Honolulu, the Philippines, San Francisco, the Panama Canal, the West Indies, Havana, Quebec, New York, etc. Many places off the beaten track will be touched, and the cruise has been arranged so that the countries are visited under the most favourable climatic conditions. The tour, which will be under the management of the Canadian Pacific throughout, will be accomplished without change of steamship. An illustrated book of ninety-six pages, describing the cruise, may be obtained free on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

For Art Lovers

The new issues of "Drawing and Design" and "Commercial Art," which are now being published by the publishers of "The Studio," are most attractively produced. These periodicals have an appeal both to the lay and the professional mind, and should do much to spread appreciation for the different spheres of art for which they stand.

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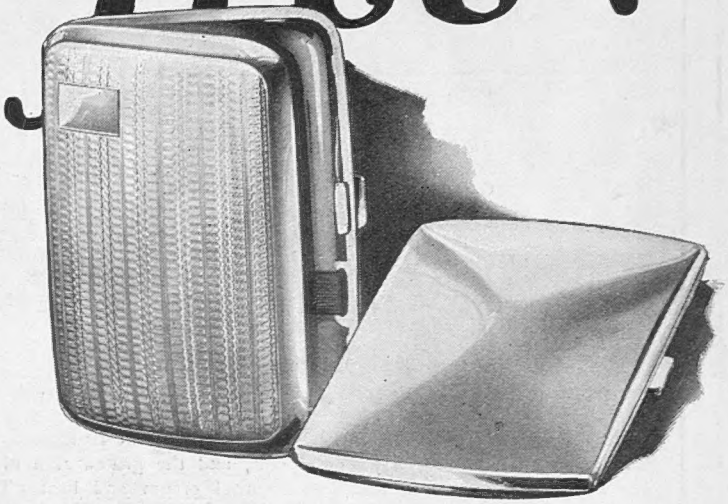

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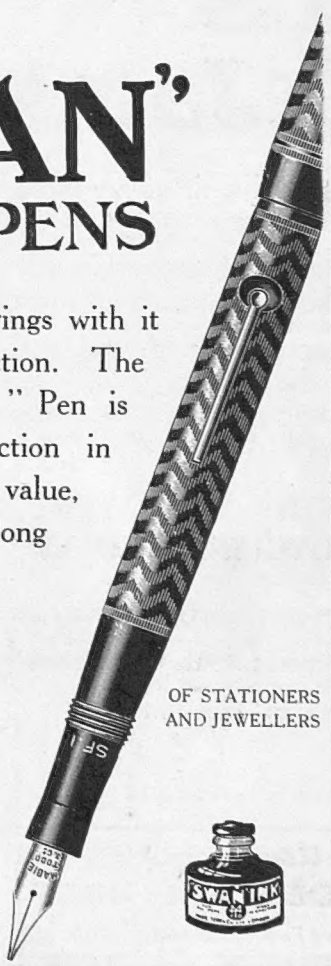

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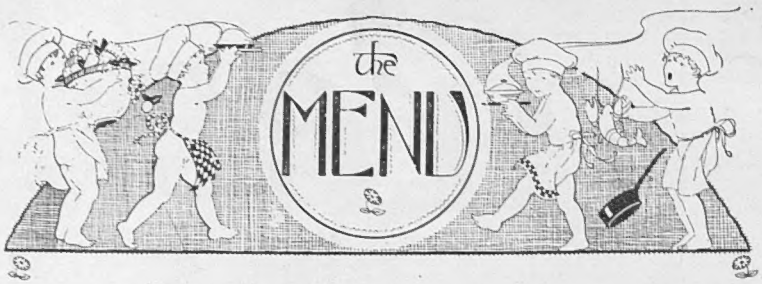

FRUIT AND ICES

GRAPE-FRUIT ORANGE CHARLOTTE.
GRAPE-FRUIT MOULD.
BANANAS IN SYRUP.
MELON ICE.
ICE-CREAM.

Grape-Fruit Orange Charlotte

SOAK two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cup of cold water, add a cupful of boiling water and dissolve thoroughly, add one cup of orange juice and sugar, one tablespoonful of grape-fruit juice, a pinch of salt, and the grated rind of one orange When cool, add two cups of cream and beat all lightly together. Line a mould with small sponge cakes halved, pour in the mixture, and set on ice till firm.

Grape-Fruit Mould

Put six tablespoonfuls of cornflour into a basin and stir till well blended with six tablespoonfuls of water. Stir this into a cup and a half of boiling water and cook till clear. Meantime mix a teacupful each of grape-fruit juice and sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and a pinch of salt. Add this to the hot cornflour, let it cook for a minute or two, then pour upon the stiff-whipped whites of three eggs, beating well. Turn into a wet mould, put on ice, and serve with cream.

Bananas in Syrup

Heat in an enamel-lined saucepan some red currant jelly and raspberry jam dissolved in water, making a pint in all. When all boils, drop into it a dozen peeled bananas, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Remove the bananas carefully, boil the syrup, add a few drops of lemon juice, and strain over the fruit. Serve cold in a glass dish with a garnish of stiffly-whipped cream.

Melon Ice

One gill of cream, one melon, 4 oz. of white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace it in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand wafer biscuits with the melon ice.

Ice Cream

Take a quart of new milk, place one and a half pints in a double boiler, and let it heat gradually. With the other half pint make a good custard, using three eggs, and thicken it with 2 oz. of cornflour. When the milk approaches boiling point add the custard, stirring constantly till it thickens. Sweeten, and flavour with vanilla essence, and freeze in the usual way.

Brown Bread Ice

Half pound of stale brown breadcrumbs, one pint of whipped cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, a few drops of vanilla. Whip the cream well, stir in the other ingredients, pour into a wet mould and freeze.

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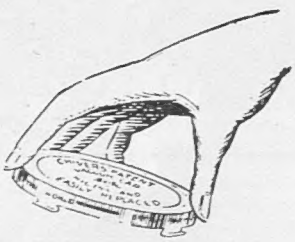

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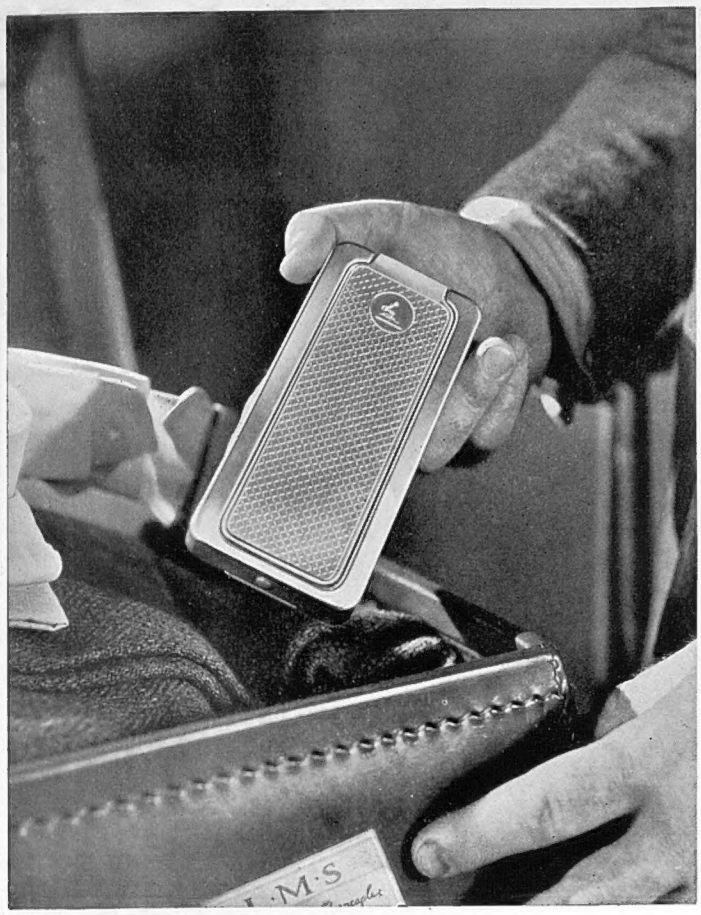

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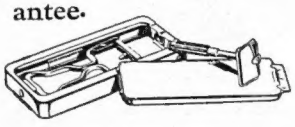

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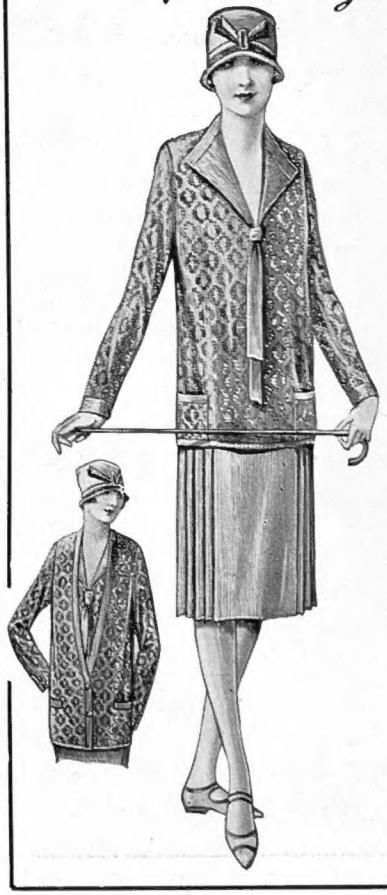

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